The Outlook

OCTOBER 3, 1923

Underwood

MAX R. MARSTON, AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES

OW MAX MARSTON HOLDS IT

VEW golf champions seem as much an annual necessity as a change in the style of clothing. he competition is now so keen and ıe field of first-class players so large ıat the chances that a champion may ɔme through with successive victories very slim indeed.

In this year's amateur championıip, both the open champion of the ·esent year, Robert Jones, and last ·ar's amateur champion, Jesse Sweet·r, fell before the onslaught of Max arston. Jones was eliminated in the ·cond round of the tournament, and weetser at the end of two extra holes ı the finals. Marston has been a ɔmpetitor for the championship for even years; a fact which doubtless ıts him in the aged veteran class in ɔmparison with such collegiate champ ons as Sweetser and Jones.

The shifting balance between age ıd youth ought to bring forth a new oup of theories as to the relative ılue of experience and youthful enıusiasm—not that the theories will · worth anything, but they will help keep golfers out of mischief during ıe months when the frost is on the ıtting green.

N THE SHORE OF A UINED CITY

THE terrible and strange scenes of the earthquake in Japan have ·en described first by the cable deɔatches and later and more vividly by ·ivate letters which have reached merica. The Outlook has received ıch a letter from Dr. T. D. A. Cockerell, Professor of Zoölogy in the University of Colorado. Dr. Cockerell was on board the steamship Empress of Australia, having just returned from a scientific expedition to Siberia, and was on his way to Vancouver. He thus describes the farewells on the ship and the scenes that followed:

"It is a charming Japanese custom, when a boat sails, to bring rolls of ribbon-like colored paper, which, being unwound, form streamers connecting the departing passengers with their friends on the wharf. As the ship moves away, these paper lines are extended as far as they will go, the ends falling in the sea as they finally break. It was nearly noon, the colored streamers were all out, the last visitors had left the ship, hats and handkerchiefs were waving, and in a moment we expected to be off.

"Then, all of a sudden, the great vessel was violently shaken by some unseen force. At first simply bewildered, we realized what had happened when some one said, 'Earthquake.' Looking toward the city, we saw clouds of dust; looking downward, the wharf had collapsed at either end, fortunately remaining in the middle, so that very few people were thrown into the water. The crowd below us did not seem at first to realize the magnitude of the disaster, but went on cheering and waving for a few moments, and then scattered, to make their way with difficulty along the half-submerged railings to the shore. The Empress made no attempt to leave; in fact, the propeller had got tangled up in the anchor chain of a merchant vessel just behind, and she was disabled. Soon fires were seen, and the wind, blowing from the shore, became exceedingly violent, so that be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore long the whole town was ablaze. We learned later that nearly every building had collapsed with the first quake, the most notable exception being the Russo-Asiatic Bank, newly built of reinforced concrete. The large hotels and the Yokohama Club had especially been death-traps, and it will be some time before we can learn who perished in them. But whatever the earthquake may have spared the fire swept, so that within a few hours the destruction was complete. On the ship we were exposed to the heat, smoke, and sparks, but the hoses were out and water was played on the decks to prevent ignition. The numerous barges in the harbor had no such means of protection, and were floating about blazing, and had to be dealt with by streams of water as they drifted alongside from time to time. The wooden warehouses on the wharf caught fire, and we stood away a little to avoid that danger. The quakes continued at intervals, but there was no so-called tidal wave.

"After a time refugees began to come on board, and eventually we had, I believe, more than two thousand. Many were seriously injured, and all were dirty and exhausted. One of the first whom we took into our cabin was a well-known Yokohama business man who had stood for hours in the water at the foot of the Bund, ducking his head frequently as the heat became too intense. Some of the younger and more vigorous, including a woman, escaped by swimming to the ship. The ship's boats were out all night, picking people up here and there. Many described narrow escapes, and many had lost sight of relatives and hardly expected to see them again. Residents of Yokohama had lost all they possessed, and most of them also the means of making a living. In the midst of all this misery, now and again came cheerful news of wives finding husbands supposed to be lost, parents discovering their children. Since people had been taken on to various steamers in the harbor, it was at first difficult to ascertain who had been saved, but gradually lists were made up and exchanged.

"On the following morning the city was still furiously burning, especially along the water front, where there were large warehouses stored with combustibles. Those on the Empress congratulated themselves on being in safety, but prematurely. A very large tank or barge containing oil was in front of the Standard Oil Building, and this caught fire, emitting huge

GENERAL FRANK R. McCOY, APPOINTED DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF AMERICAN RELIEF IN JAPAN

flames and a great cloud of black smoke. At first we attached no particular significance to this, but presently it was noticed that the burning oil, floating on the water, was rapidly spreading and drifting toward the ship. It seemed to be coming as fast as a man could walk. The Empre was partly disabled, and it was on with difficulty that she was slow swung around and out of the way. F about twenty minutes it appear likely enough that we might all roasted alive, for although the cre made all the people go to the other si of the ship, and deluged the si toward the oil with water, nothi could have withstood that blazing fu nace. As we passed out by the brea water, we could see the oil just whe we had recently been. Even in th peril there was absolutely no pani The refugees, almost without exce tion, behaved splendidly, and toc losses and discomfort with the utmo fortitude. The crews of the vario vessels worked valiantly and uncea ingly, while the passengers who ha saved their baggage shared the clothes with the refugees and co forted them as best they could. As i all such crises, some ugly rumors we afloat, most of them probably wit little foundation."

Such personal impressions as thes from Dr. Cockerell, even though the present only special phases and point of view of the disaster, bring home th reality of the occurrence far bette than statistics or elaborate theories o the causes of the calamity.

On other pages of this issue wil be found pictures presenting scene photographed immediately after th earthquake.

(C) Underwood

WALTER W. HEAD, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

BANKERS IN ASSEMBLY

SEVERAL thousand bankers met a Atlantic City last week for th annual Convention of the America Bankers Association. These annua meetings, by their large attendance by the weight of their utterances, an by the strong personality of their in dividual members, impress the country with the importance of the banking profession—for it is really a profes sion as well as a business.

The Convention opened with a bang so to speak. The address by Mr Cromwell, President of the New York Exchange, was a challenge to those who have attacked the methods and conduct of the Exchange. Some of these methods, if Mr. Cromwell's statements are exact, are nothing more than intimidation and blackmail. Quite rightly, the Stock Exchange, through Mr. Cromwell, announces its intention to expose by name any one who engages hereafter in such practices as were described in this address. One out of several instances adduced was this: "Another office-holder, who has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BE RULED, AND LED BY SOME DISCRETION

(King Lear, Act I, Scene 4)

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

NOTICE!
ALL NEGROES RESIDENT HERE LESS THAN SEVEN YEARS MUST LEAVE THE CITY AT ONCE
BY ORDER OF HIS HIGHNESS THE MAYOR OF JOHNSTOWN, PENN
THE BENIGHTED SOUTH
THE ENLIGHTENED NORTH

THE REFINED METHOD

North: "You see, we don't approve of mob action; it is too crude."

From R. V. Ellice, Sikeston, Mo.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

FREEING THE CAT

From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

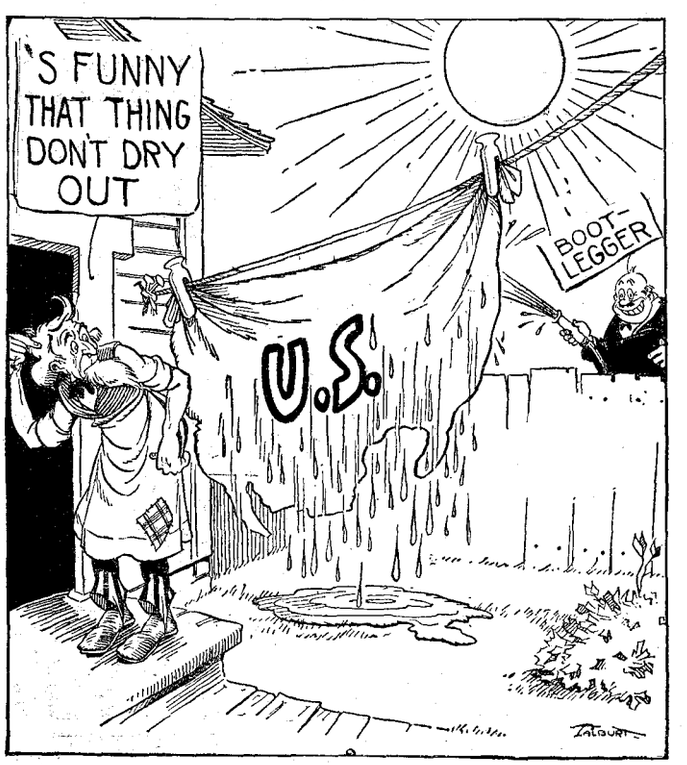
Clubb in the Rochester Herald

SAM, WHAT HE NEEDS IS A BRAND NEW PAIR O' PANTS!– A PAIR THATS DURABLE, LASTING AND RESPECTABLE LOOKING,–THAT PAIR, ILL BET A NICKEL, WONT GO LONG BFORE THERE'S ANOTHER BAD BREAK IN EM
CONSUMER
ANTHRACITE INDUSTRY
TRUCE
1922 STRIKE SETTLEMENT
PINCHOT COMPROMISE SETTLEMENT AT HIGHER PRICES TO CONSUMER
TEMPORARY SETTLEMENT

PATCHWORK

From Mrs. Alfred Mason, Medina, New York

Talburt in the Cleveland Press



NO WONDER IT DOESN'T GET DRY

From Mary Caldwell, Leetonia, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Combined New York Morning Newspapers
New York American
THE NEW YORK HERALD
The Journal of Commerce
DAILY NEWS
The Morning Telegraph
The New York Times.
New York Tribune
The World.
New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung
IL PROGRESSO ITALO-AMERICANO
Vol. LXXXIII No. 28,067
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1923
Ward Witness Admits State Coached Him
Woman, 60, Walks Past Bars to Die on Track
O'Connor and Thor Reveal Bribe Silence
ZR-3 to Fly From Germany to U. S. in 140 Hours in November
Teuton-Built Sister to Navy's Latest Airship Will Cover 4,500 Nautical Miles on Trip "Without Intermediate Stop"
Publishers Demand New Press Union
Baden General Strike Halts Rails and Press
Vote Ending Ruhr Fight Due Sept. 26

A HEADING TO MAKE FRANK MUNSEY'S MOUTH WATER

a retaining fee from a notorious bucket-shop, calls us up and gives us seven minutes in which to restore the wires to that bucket-shop, under threat of political reprisal at Albany."

The New York City District Attorney has been stirred by Mr. Cromwell's statement to say that he will call upon the speaker to reveal the identity of public officials implicated in such things as this. The public at large will certainly support any kind of effort to suppress either political or financial blackmail of the Stock Exchange. It need not be pointed out, however, that this does not necessarily mean that some of the methods of the Exchange may not be susceptible of betterment.

Mr. Walter W. Head, who is to be President of the American Bankers Association for the coming year, is evidently a man of rounded experience and character. He is President of the Omaha National Bank, which is the largest financial institution in Nebraska, and of other financial corporations, and has in the past served as a Federal bank examiner. Many other facts of his career establish his financial ability. Laymen will be more interested, however, to learn what a varied experience Mr. Head has had in civic and social work. He started as a country school teacher in Missouri; leaving that work he became a bank clerk at a salary of $30 a month, whereas his salary as teacher was $125 a month. Evidently he knew what he wanted to do. He has been and is a farmer as well as a banker, and he lately told bankers that he would like to help make the farmer not merely contented but proud of the farm and ambitious for its future. Mr. Head is Vice-President of the Boy Scouts of America, and a member of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association; he aided ably in the building of Nebraska's new Capitol, has for many years taught a remarkably large men's Sunday school class in the First Presbyterian Church of Omaha, and has filled various positions of influence and helpfulness in civic and social societies.

(C) Keystone

MAJOR GEORGE BERRY, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL PRINTING PRESSMEN'S UNION

NEW YORK'S NEWSPAPER FAMINE

WHEN New Yorkers looked for their morning paper on September 17, they found their doorsteps vacant unless they happened to be subscribers to the "New York Call." The next day a limited number of papers appeared under a heading which must have made Mr. Frank Munsey's mouth water. Whoever would have thought that the "Times" and the "American," the "Tribune and the "World," would find shelter under the same roof?

The cause of the sudden combination was not, however, due to a sweeping purchase of the metropolitan journals, but a strike of pressmen called by the head of the local union in defiance of the orders from Mr. George L. Berry, President of the International Union. In this strike the pressure of the International Union has been thrown heavily on the side of the Publishers Association. The charter of the local union has been revoked, and Mr. Berry has sought to bring union strike-breakers to New York in an effort to force the local pressmen to carry out their agreements. The unusual picture presented by the head of an international union calling in union strike-breakers is one which has not often appeared in American industrial disputes. Mr. Berry claims that the official representatives of the strikers not only approved the contract with the publishers, but helped actually to draft it. Of the situation among the web pressmen of New York City, Mr. Berry says:

> My judgment is that 85, if not 90, per cent of the web pressmen of New

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York City are clean as a hound's tooth. They are as good citizens as can be found in America. The only indictment which stands against them is that they have permitted the construction of a machine that is destructive and irresponsible.

This they have allowed to occur as a result of their failure to participate in the conduct of their organization through failure to attend the meetings thereof. This is best exemplified in the fact that 300 men, 175 of whom were juniors, voted this outlaw strike which has put 2,200 men on the street.

Mr. Berry has always actively labored for the interests of the men in the International Union, but he has at the same time stood for the maintenance of good faith. He has been as urgent to this end in his work for his union as he has in demanding the fulfillment of agreements on the part of employers. Certainly there can be no end to industrial disputes until both sides can learn to fulfill their pledged word.

THE CAREER OF AN OUTDOORS MAN

THE sudden death is announced of Paul J. Rainey, explorer, hunter, moving picture producer, polo player, athlete. Mr. Rainey was born September 18, 1877, and died on his birthday forty-six years later, of a stroke said to be superinduced by the jungle fever which he contracted many years ago in Africa and from which he never completely recovered. He was on his way to his estate in Nairobi, British East Africa, at the time of his death. From this place at the beginning of the World War he entered the British Army, with the rank of Captain, and saw active service against the Germans in Africa.

Previously he had made a remarkable series of motion pictures, the first of their kind, showing African animals in their natural habitat. Mr. Rainey and a companion, it will be remembered, in obtaining these pictures built a "blind" near a much-frequented drinking-place of the animals, and, behind its protection, focused the animals and "shot" them with the camera as they came to drink. These pictures were shown all over this country several years ago under the title "With Gun and Camera in the Heart of Africa." Only last spring they were again seen in New York City in connection with the later work of another African hunter, Captain Snow, under the title "In the Heart of the African Jungle."

Other pictures made by Mr. Rainey were the result of an expedition to the Arctic regions with Captain Robert Bartlett in 1910, in an elaborately fitted out expedition, equipped at great expense.

Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

PAUL J. RAINEY, WITH ONE OF HIS AFRICAN PETS

Born to large wealth, Mr. Rainey was all his life a typical outdoors man, and spared no expense in gratifying his love of exploration, adventure, and athletics. He was a devoted polo player, and was a member of the American polo team that first won a championship match from Great Britain. Later he became interested in training dogs, and some of these he used in his African hunting expeditions. At his plantation in Mississippi he maintained a splendid pack of foxhounds numbering about 150, and here once a year invited owners of dogs to meet and test out their hounds against his own. His good fellowship with both men and animals was remarkable, one of the evidences of his friendly feeling toward his neighbors being an annual barbecue given at his Mississippi home, at which 5,000 people sometimes came to enjoy his hospitality. He was president of the Grand National Foxhound Club, and its next meet was to have taken place at his preserve in Mississippi, November 8.

In his extremely active life Mr. Rainey found time to become well known as a yachtsman, a turfman, and a motorist as well as in the activities above enumerated. In addition, as a business man he was a director in the W. J. Rainey Corporation, a large coke distributing concern. An expert with the camera, he became official photographer for the American Red Cross after leaving the field of operations in British East Africa. He hunted also in Borneo, in the Malay Archipelago, and in India. He was a worthy compeer of the famous big game hunters of Africa, such as Gordon-Cumming, F. C. Selous, and Colonel Roosevelt. He is credited with a chivalric attitude toward big game; it was perhaps no discredit to his reputation in this respect that he killed twenty-seven

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lions in a lion-infested district in Africa.

THEY WILL AND THEY WON'T

THE forty-four Republicans elected to the Irish Free State Parliament won't take their seats unless those of them now detained in jail on criminal charges are released. But will they, even then? Probably not; because they all very much object to taking an oath of allegiance. But if their scruples on this score are overcome, will the forty-four gallant diehards *then* consent to help govern the country? Very likely not, for some of them say that their true policy is to sulk in their tents and have nothing to do with the majority who disagree with them as to the instant independence of Ireland. This last attitude is one sometimes taken by the defeated in South American politics, but as the English say, it really isn't cricket. Why not, as we say in America, "play ball"?

No wonder that President Cosgrave remarked the other day that the Irish nation is "tired of posturing to the Republicans."

In the meantime the Irish Free State is pretty well, thank you. It has been welcomed into the League of Nations with rejoicings and emotion. It has a good Government, and gives promise of building up from the foundations representative government. Even the implacable insurgents have substituted talking for sniping and stable-burning—for them a great step forward.

THE REMEDY FOR LAWLESSNESS IS LAW

OKLAHOMA is divided into two factions, each of which vociferously accuses the other of lawlessness. One is tempted to approve the slogan of a newspaper in that State, "We want neither Klan nor King." There must be a majority of sensible, moderate men in the State who do not want punishment for alleged vice administered by hooded men in the night, nor want military dictatorship or arbitrary executive measures. When this majority finds that Oklahoma is practically being advertised as the home of lawlessness, and that it will not profit by such notoriety any more than a certain Montana town profited by buying at an absurd price the privilege of staging a prize-fight—then the conviction that lawlessness must be met by law will bring

(C) Keystone

GOVERNOR J. C. WALTON, OF OKLAHOMA

the State to its usual condition of government through legislature, courts, and executives.

Governor Walton in his justification for proclaiming martial law accuses the Ku Klux Klan of brutal whippings, of open defiance of authority, of "intention to ride through blood up to the bridle," of terrorizing courts, and of exercising undue influence over the Legislature.

Those who denounce Governor Walton, on the other hand, declare that he is guilty of despotic acts, of libelous charges against the people of Oklahoma, of nullifying constitutional rights, of censoring news, of ruling by armed guards, of placing military forces above the courts of law, and of releasing scores of convicts from the penitentiary during his rule.

One would expect the arbiter in this dispute to be the Legislature, and a call has been issued for a special session of the Legislature by a large number of its members. The Governor at this writing has declared that he will not allow such a special session (he says he will "use all force of arms necessary" to prevent it) because sixty-eight members of the lower house are, as he says, members of the Ku Klux Klan, and the call for the special session is issued by these members.

Thus the matter stands as we write. Distressful as the situation seems, we have confidence that in some way the people of the State will assert themselves, will insist that vice and crime be punished through law and not through secret societies, and also see to it that the courts and legal heads of government proceed in an orderly and reasonable way in enforcing the law.

POETRY IN A NORTH CAROLINA HIGH SCHOOL

AT ten-thirty the electric clock rang. In a few moments small groups of students began to enter the school auditorium through the doors at each side in the rear. For a short while it appeared as if only the first two or three rows of seats would be occupied; but very soon a mass of boys and girls poured through the doors and in an incredibly short time filled almost all the remaining seats. In this crowd there were more than four hundred students, at least half the enrollment of the High School of Greensboro, North Carolina; and they had gathered for a very unusual purpose—to hear a programme of readings from contemporary poetry, to which they had been invited by the Poetry Club, composed of fifteen girls of the school.

These boys and girls were not, as some discouraged teachers of English might imagine, compelled to attend this reading of poetry. Announcements and attractive posters were all that was needed to bring out the crowd. The programme itself was given over to simple and readable verse of a dramatic and narrative character. Alfred Noyes's "The Highwayman," and T. A. Daly's dialect poems such as "Mia Carlotta," were most effectively presented.

The club which organized this meeting was composed of girls (were the boys excluded, or did they exclude themselves?) and was devoted to the study of the principles of poetry, the practice in a simple way of the art of versification, and the popularization of poetry among the students of the school. It has studied the life and works of contemporary poets such as John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Henry van Dyke, Amy Lowell, Sara Teasdale, Christopher Morley, and T. A. Daly. The club has selected poems for republication in the school journal and has collected a typewritten anthology for presentation to the school library.

The Poetry Club of the Greensboro High School seems to have been a spontaneous development on the part of the students. It ought to prove a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

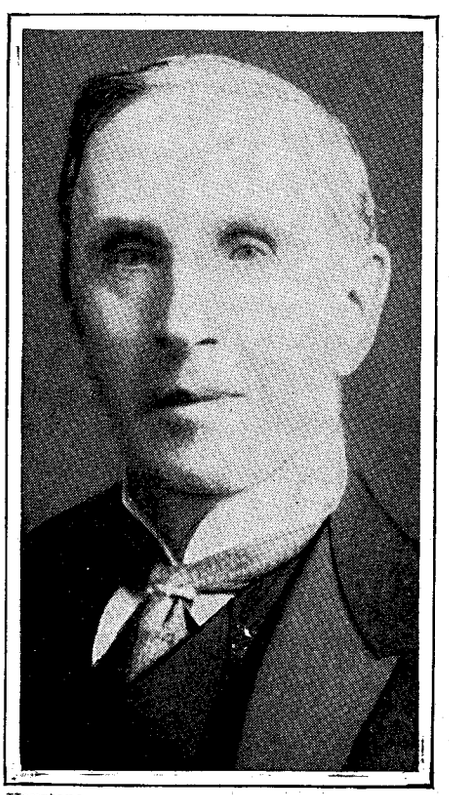
most valuable means of developing a critical understanding of poetry, and of awaking an interest in literature which might not be aroused by even the best of courses in English. We might suggest to the Poetry Club that there was some mighty good poetry written even before the present generation of writers was born, and that much of this good poetry is as interesting and as timely as the most modern of moderns—perhaps more so. A dash of Chaucer now and then, a glimpse of Shakespeare, an incursion into Herrick, Ben Jonson, or even Robert Browning, helps to keep clear the literary perspective and sharpens senses for the critical enjoyment and the understanding of the best of contemporary writers.

JOHN MORLEY

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

THE death of Viscount Morley, better known to Americans and even to his British contemporaries as John Morley, on September 23, removes another Victorian figure from the ranks of English statesmen and men of letters. Although John Morley ended his life as a peer of England, he began it as a commoner, his father being a well-to-do surgeon. On taking his degree at Oxford in 1859 at the age of twenty-one he settled in London with the definite purpose of becoming a man of letters. At Oxford his college was Lincoln, and he therefore probably fell under the influence of Mark Pattison, the delightful, philosophical, and clerical cynic who, a little after Morley's time, made Lincoln almost as famous as Balliol. It was Mark Pattison who once advised a young man just taking his degree at Oxford, with the intention of going into political life in London, to "vote with the Whigs but dine with the Tories." Whether it was the result of this atmosphere or not, Morley was in his early life a good deal of a skeptic. By this I do not mean that he was at all an opponent of religion, although he is said to have spelled in one of his earliest essays the name of God with a little "g." By skeptic I mean that his habit of mind was to question everything and subject it to critical examination. This critical spirit is in evidence in all his writings, and at the very end of his life his expressed feeling about the World War and the ensuing confusion of civilization was one of sorrowful doubt and question. He made his first reputation as the editor of the "Fortnightly Review," and in 1883 entered Parliament as a Liberal—it may even be said, according to the standards of those days, as a Radical. During his journalistic career, as well as during his career as a statesman, the pen was his resource, and he wrote the lives of, or, to be more exact, essays on, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Oliver Cromwell. In 1886 he became a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet as a Home Ruler, and was twice Chief Secretary for Ireland. For five years at the opening of the present century he was Secretary of State for India. Thus he was not only a philosopher, a critic, a man of letters, but a statesman with great executive powers.

In recalling his career and in considering the political responsibilities placed upon him and the national honors conferred upon him, I have been asking myself what it is that leads the English to repose political trust in their literary men while there is nothing comparable to it in this country. To be sure, we have had some literary men in political office—for example, Hawthorne and William Dean Howells, as consuls; James Russell Lowell and Thomas Nelson Page, as ministers to foreign posts; and finally, Walter Page, as Ambassador to England; but, with the exception of Ambassador Page, our literary men in politics—unless President Wilson can be considered to be primarily a literary man—have had no responsible executive positions. They have had no policies to frame or to initiate. Morley, on the other hand, had grave and weighty administrative matters to determine with regard both to Ireland and to India. The American man of letters who comes nearest to him is, I think, Walter Page. Walter Page began life as a journalist, and, although he was never a member of a State Legislature or the National Legislature, as Ambassador to England he performed signal services in the field of original and constructive statesmanship. Here the comparison ends, for, while Morley was a professed and honest Liberal, he was not at all a democrat, and Walter Page believed in democracy with all his heart and mind and strength. In comparing Walter Page and Lord Morley I feel impelled to add that Page, working under conditions as trying as any that ever overshadowed Morley, never lost his hope and optimism, while Morley during the World War lost all his hope. He apparently never had any optimism to lose. Walter Page to the end of his life was a forward-looking progressive. Morley was essentially a conservative, and feared and distrusted the vague and sometimes noisy groping of people towards what are really their ideals. Lest some critic shall call me down for saying that groping can ever be noisy, let me say that I have in mind the kind of groping which a man does in his room in the dark, knocking down chairs and overturning tables in the process. This kind of overturning was never agreeable to John Morley. His face was ascetic in appearance, and he looked something like a Puritan. He was a Puritan in his personal honor and integrity and in his lack of a sense of humor. He lived and died a bachelor, and I cannot imagine from his writings at least that he ever commanded from anybody passionate affection, although he aroused in everybody a deep respect. His greatest work of letters was his monumental Life of Gladstone, but even in that, although his political sympathy was wholly with his leader, it is quite apparent that he does not follow Gladstone in that ultramontane churchman's strict and tenacious religious philosophy. I should say that the chief quality of Morley's writings is dignity. Indeed, he is so dignified as



Keystone

VISCOUNT MORLEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be a little fatiguing. He does not present pictures as Macaulay does, nor are there any passionate passages like those which aroused the interest of a bygone generation in the work of Carlyle. Personally I should very much rather read a book by Voltaire on Lord Morley than read Lord Morley's life of Voltaire. Even Morley's own autobiographical recollections are dull reading, because he does not indulge either himself or his reader in his personal feelings and likes and dislikes, but devotes himself too much to the ephemeral details of the management of the Liberal party.

He was courageous and upright, painstaking and industrious, but not enthusiastic. Viscount Morley was an honor to his country, but he was not one of its leaders. No one can expect to enthuse others who does not possess enthusiasm himself, and the reader will search John Morley's pages in vain, I think, to find any betrayal in them of deep feeling or even of passionate opinion.

THE AMBASSADORS IN ACTION

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

THE Versailles Treaty is popularly supposed to have settled all the questions arising out of the war. Yet "incidentals" cropped up a-plenty. These were dealt with by the so-called Supreme Council, a body composed of the Allied Premiers. It grew into being during the Paris Peace Conference and lasted three years thereafter, as witness its meetings not only in Paris but also in London, San Remo, Spa, Boulogne, Cannes. To fill in the gaps between these meetings it became desirable to establish some sort of permanent body, and what better one could there be than that made by Conferences among the Allied Ambassadors at Paris, representing the Great Powers, men sure to be well informed concerning current matters.

The Ambassadors' Conference is composed of the Ambassadors at Paris from Great Britain, Italy, and Japan, and a delegate from the French Foreign Office. Because of our Government's withdrawal from active participation in European affairs, the American Ambassador, formerly sitting as full member, now sits only as an "observer."

The Ambassadors hold their sittings at the French Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay. They do not convene in the Salle de l'Horloge on the second floor, that great room named from its monumental clock, where in 1919 the Peace Conference held its sessions. A far smaller body, the Ambassadors' Conference would seem lost in that vast apartment. Instead, it meets in a smaller but very spacious room opening out from it on the rear. The windows give on the quiet court garden instead of on the river Seine as do those of the Salle de l'Horloge.

Members, secretaries, and experts wait in a still smaller room alongside until all are assembled, and then proceed to the conference chamber. The venerable Jules Cambon, of the French Foreign Office, sits as presiding officer at the middle of the table. At his right is the good-looking Marquess of Crewe, British Ambassador; at his left, the sprightlier Baron Avezzana, Italian Ambassador. At Lord Crewe's right is the American Ambassador's place; during Mr. Herrick's absence in America it is occupied by the no less wide-awake Mr. Sheldon Whitehouse, Chargé d'Affaires of the Embassy. At Baron Avezzana's left is the Japanese Ambassador's place; during Viscount Ishii's absence in Geneva (where he is presiding over the League of Nations' Council) it is occupied by an able Chargé. Three out of the four active members of the Conference, it is interesting to note, have been Ambassadors at Washington—namely, M. Cambon, Baron Avezzana, and Viscount Ishii.

Opposite the presiding officer sits the efficient M. Jules Alfred La Roche, Assistant Director of Political Affairs in the French Foreign Office. He takes M. Cambon's place should the elder statesman be absent. Then comes M. Massigli, whom I knew at the Conference of Lausanne, where he was Permanent Secretary; and against the walls about the room are the other secretaries and experts, Mr. Laurence Norton, one of our Embassy Secretaries, being the American representative.

The Ambassadors' Conference is thus an interallied as distinguished from an international body like the League of Nations. And the Conference has had plenty to do with such problems as the delimitation of Poland, for instance, or the fate of Eastern Galicia, or the allocation of Vilna, or the status of Memel. If it did not settle completely a particular problem, it certainly "ironed it out" well and then referred it to the League—as in the Upper Silesian affair. It is the fashion to poke fun at the League, but we may not forget that it did settle the vexed Upper Silesian problem, as it also settled the questions of the disposition of the Aaland Islands and the Albano-Serb boundary, in all these cases avoiding threatening wars. Now we have the Albano-Greek boundary delimitation disaster, and the under dog cries out for help both to the League and the Conference.

Not so Italy. One will do for her. Conscious of her increasing power, as of the weight of her opinion that, the case not threatening war, it falls outside the League's competence, she considers the Ambassadors' Conference as alone having jurisdiction. In this opinion, however, Italy finds herself opposed by practically all the fifty-odd other League members. In the Ambassadors' Conference she has a far better chance, now being a quarter of that body.

In a single day the Conference settled the Italo-Greek dispute. This shows what a few practical men, who know their own minds, can do, as opposed to a larger, more cumbersome body, not so practical. And yet, so timely were the League Council's recommendations, that the Ambassadors' Conference unanimously (its decisions must be unanimous) adopted them.

The Conference's findings have been accepted by both Greece and Italy, and a copy of the decision, bearing the Italian Ambassador's signature, has been sent to the League. From this some pro-Leaguers conclude that Italy may be taken to have tacitly admitted the League's *locus standi* in the conflict, but they very wisely add, "How far that admission extends remains to be seen."

Ministering alike to justice and expediency, the Ambassadors' Conference made three important changes in the Italian demands, diminishing their exclusive character:

(1) Instead of Greek apologies to Italy alone, it ruled that they should be presented to the Allied Powers (England, France, Italy) whose delegates form part of the Delimitation Committee.

(2) It also summoned the Albanian Government to investigation and cooperation.

(3) The amount of indemnity is to be determined by the Hague Court, the Greek Government to deposit 50,000,000 lire as a caution (which it has done), the indemnity to be far heavier if the murderers escape. Investigating commissions may comb Greece and Albania while the culprits may already be in hiding hundreds of miles away!

The question now is, "When wil' Italy leave Corfu?" Replying, Baron

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avezzana said yesterday: "As soon as Greece shall have shown her good will in executing the obligations imposed, we shall evacuate. People even imagine that we are going to grab Corfu. Pure imagination! Italy is peace-loving, but imposes the respect due her flag. That is all."

Paris, September 13, 1923.

THE MENACE OF FIUME[1]

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

FIUME, which for years past has been a menace to the peace of Central Europe, is now awaiting a solution of its problems. Italians, Jugoslavs, Hungarians, and Austrians are all watching, with the most varied kinds of interest, the proceedings of the joint commission, which by to-morrow night, if the Italian dictator has his way (and so far he has almost always been obeyed), will have accepted or rejected his suggestions for a definite settlement of the whole Fiuman question. They include proposals which, from the Italian point of view, seem more than generous, and it is doubtful whether the all-powerful head of the Fascisti will consent to important changes in his plan.

If the delegates of the Jugoslavian Government reject the essential features of the Italian scheme, Italy (which just now means Mussolini) may regard herself as at liberty to do what she pleases. If, on the other hand, they should come to terms by to-morrow night [September 1] with their Latin colleagues, an explosion with perhaps the gravest consequences may, for a time at least, be averted.

Fiume will none the less still be a danger spot, from which at any moment may come trouble, not only to the nations most directly interested in the fate of that distressful territory, but to all Europe.

To understand—to have even an idea of—the complexity of the Fiuman imbroglio one must have seen Fiume and the Fiumans at close range. Here, in this once prosperous little seaport, one can learn more in a few hours by talking with the natives and by keeping one's eyes open than from weeks of reading. When I visited this town before the war, it was bright and bustling. Great steamers by the score lay in the outer and the inner—the Porto Baros—harbors. Business was thriving. Trains were running at frequent intervals direct to Vienna. The population, between sixty and seventy thousand at that time, was largely Italian both by descent and habit. The feeling of the mass seemed pro-Italian. But the inhabitants were made up of all sorts of races, among them Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Hungarians, Greeks, and other races. When I returned the other day I found the harbors almost empty; the quays were deserted; the unused cranes were slowly rusting on the sea front; half of the population had gone away. As for the rest, they seemed to be almost without work or business. The hotels—such as they are (they were always dirty)—seemed to be decaying. A sort of stupor had invaded the community.

The air seemed full of fear, distress, and doubt. The Italians were impatient. The Czechs and Croats in the streets were sullen and resentful. In the cafés which kept open, men were talking in low tones of the "next war" which sooner or later they felt would come before the final settlement. German and Austrian visitors from the neighboring paradise at Abbazia (where I have seen thousands of "impoverished" Teutons enjoying themselves and squandering money) were making their own comments on the unhappy situation.

The obliging editor of an Italian newspaper took me from the quays on the main harbor to the tiny inner port, covering only a few acres, named Porto Baros, for which the Jugoslavs have been desperately clamoring. Just beyond this on the east of Fiume is a canal, and less than a quarter of a mile still further east is a river, both running into the Adriatic. Between these two waterways spreads a vague stretch of land, largely occupied by the desolate warehouses—the Delta. In this Delta and the diminutive Porto Baros the whole Fiuman problem centers. The Italians and the Jugoslavs both claim the inner harbor and the Delta. The Italians say, with reason, that they are inseparable parts of Fiume. The Jugoslavs again, with what seems equal reason, say that without them they have no outlets to the sea and no facilities in the neighborhood for handling merchandise.

Hoping against hope for the assistance of foreign capital, which would enable them to construct a new harbor of their own, joined by a new railway to their own inland cities, not long ago the Jugoslavs built up on the plains and slopes on the eastern side of the river a vague, sun-baked, dreary settlement, ill-planned and sprawling almost aimlessly, called Susak. There and near by are a few thousand half-starved squatters, wondering what will happen to them before those rich Americans and Englishmen and Frenchmen come to their relief. There also are, I am assured, three thousand Jugoslavian troops. In Fiume and scattered along the narrow strip of land that borders on the sea between that town and Italy proper are the same number of Italian troops; while on the range of lofty hills above for many miles there are Jugoslavian cannon. Strong Italian forces are disposed between Fiume and Venice, to the west, ready to move at a moment's notice. A few miles north of the point at which Fiuman, Jugoslavian, and Italian frontiers meet lies the Austrian frontier.

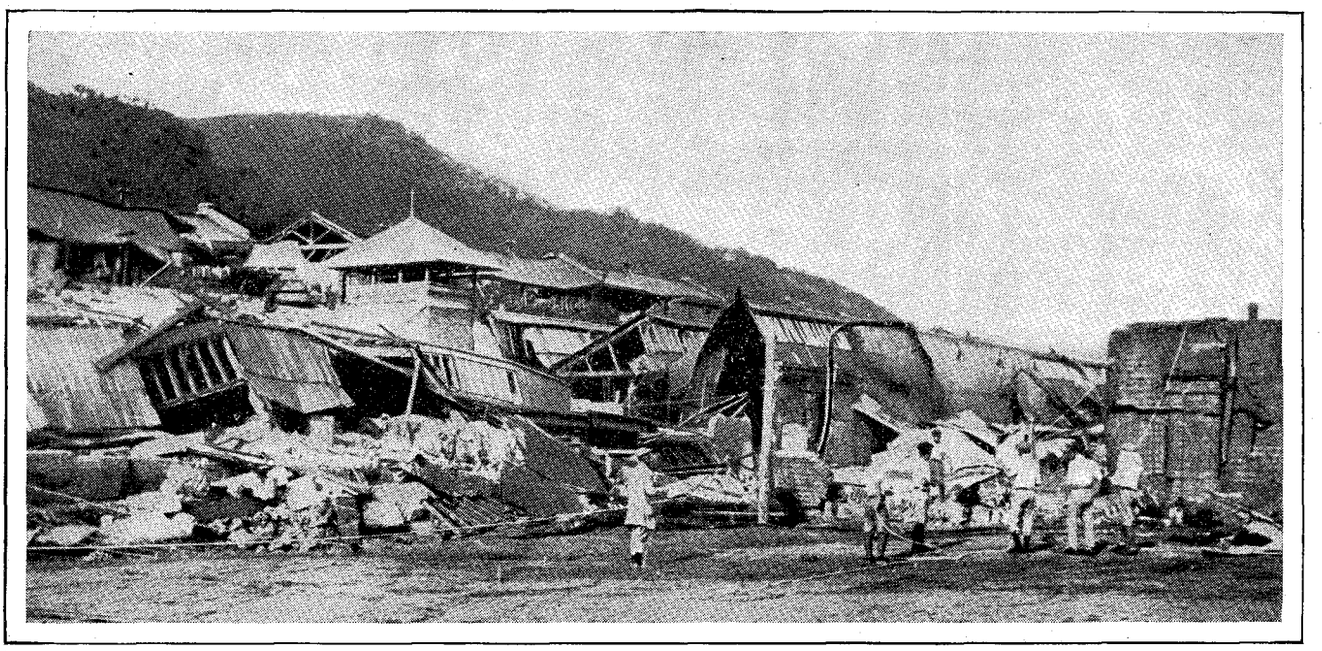
All the nations—all the races—I have named hate and distrust one another savagely and bitterly. And at the eastern end of Fiume is a bridge spanning the river, on one side of which flies the Italian flag, guarded by Italian sentries. Ten or twelve yards away, on the other side, flies the Jugoslavian tricolor, guarded by Serbs and Croats. It would be difficult to imagine a more promising spot for an encounter and a quarrel which might cause bloodshed and provoke a conflagration with incalculable consequences.

When President Wilson interfered in Fiuman questions, he stirred up troubles he had doubtless never dreamt of. But still more mischief was let loose by the inanity of the ex-Italian Foreign Minister, Count Sforza, who bedeviled everything by first defining in his own handwriting, on the back of the treaty dealing with the Fiuman imbroglio, the frontier of Fiume as the canal to the west of the coveted Delta, and then omitting to mention what he had done to his colleagues in the Italian Cabinet. Count Sforza seems to have confused the canal with the Fiuman river, on the east of the Delta, and by his blunder deceived both his own country and the Jugoslavs. D'Annunzio, however, secured a copy of Count Sforza's memorandum, which was not admitted as part of the treaty by the Italian Parliament. We know what followed. Between them, Sforza and Mr. Wilson are largely responsible for the woes of Fiume, and not even possible acquiescence at the bidding of the able Italian Dictator can be sure of settling the trouble.

Fiume, August 31, 1923.

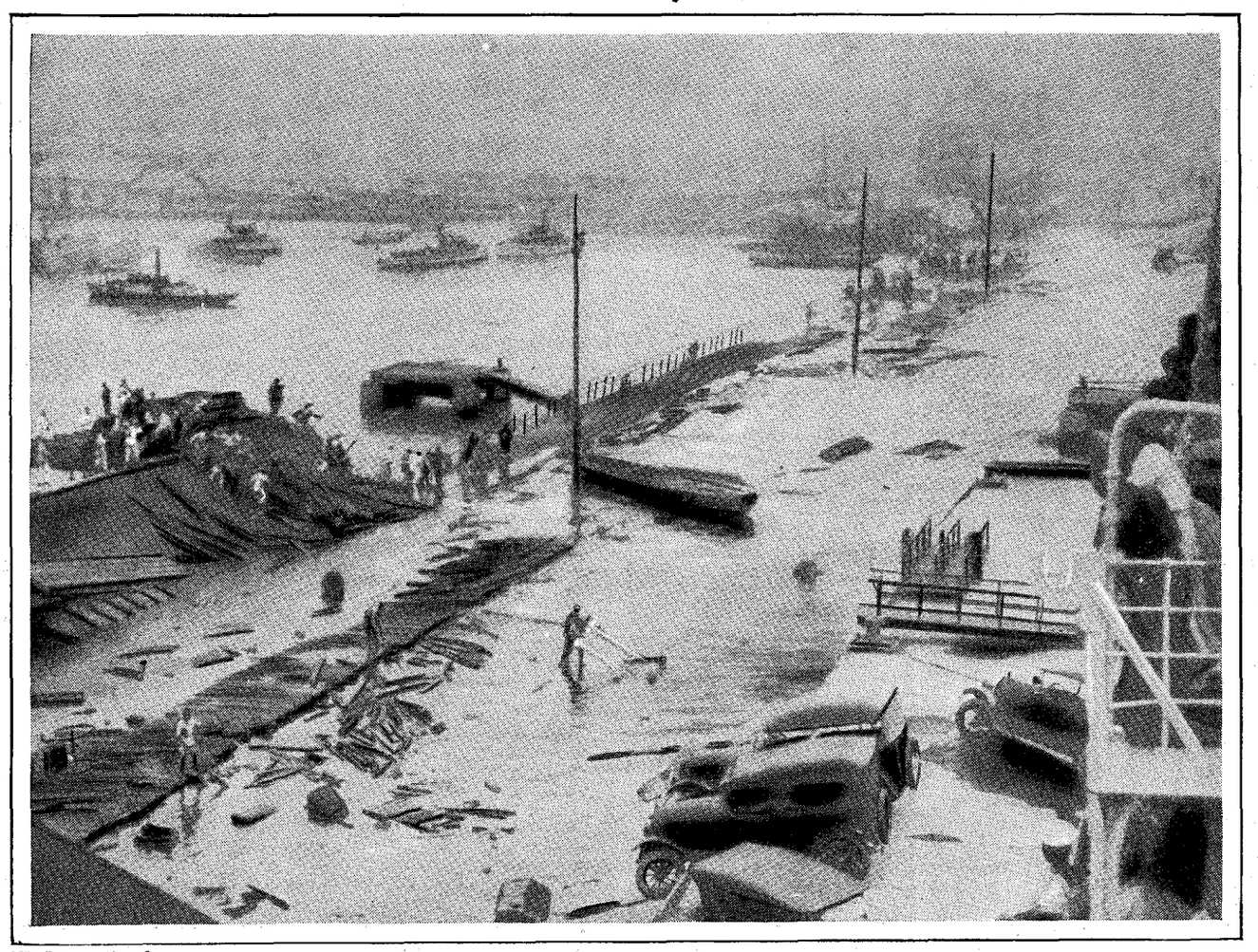
[1] Since this letter was written in Fiume the question which has aroused so much excitement and apprehension there has been under constant discussion, but no dictatorial action has been taken by Italy, as had been threatened. The prospect for agreement on some reasonable compromise seemed good as September drew near its close. Fiume has not been annexed by Italy; Jugoslavia will almost certainly retain the control of Porto Barros; Italy will have political control of Fiume, but a joint commission from Italy, Jugoslavia, and Fiume will administer the commercial affairs of the port. At least this is what seems probable on September 25.—The Editors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



P. & A. Photos

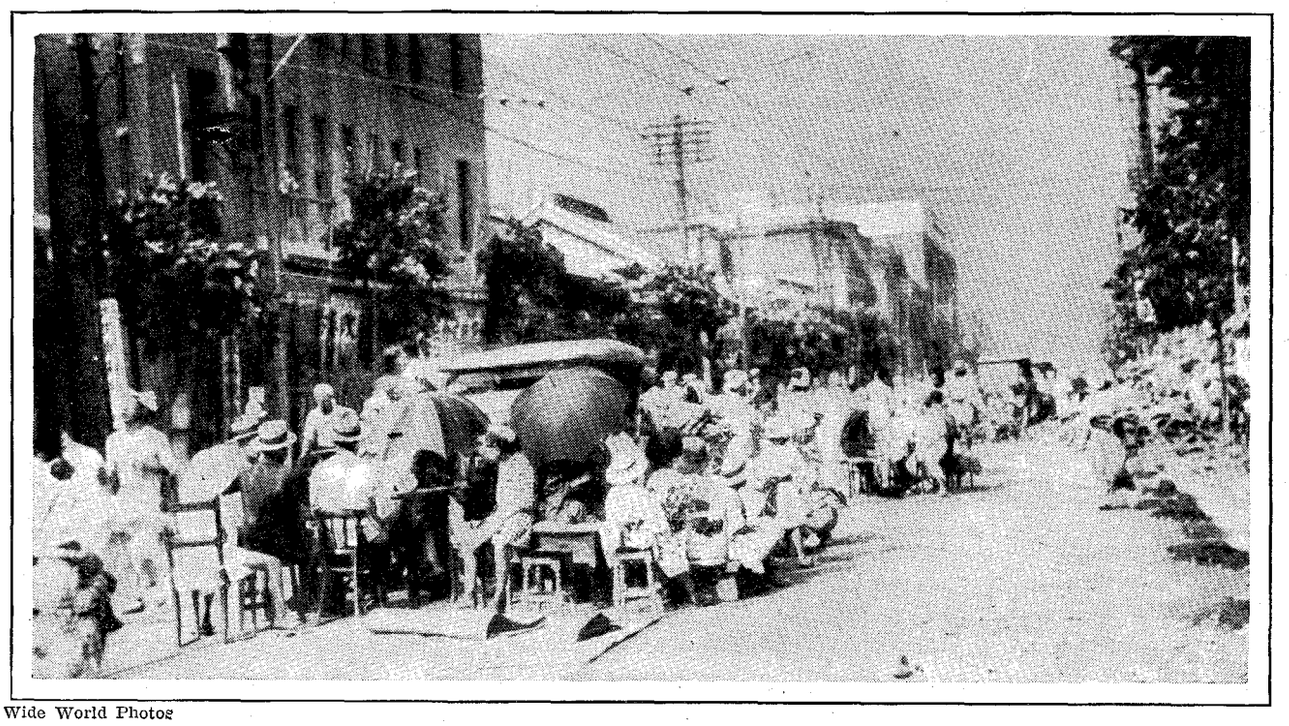
A COLLAPSED COTTON FACTORY AT KOYAMA, NEAR HAKONE, JAPAN



(C) International

THE WATERFRONT AT YOKOHAMA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wide World Photos

A CROWD OF REFUGEES IN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF TOKYO

Wide World Photos

FIRE ADDS ITS TERRORS TO THE EARTHQUAKE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALVAGING THE VETERANS' BUREAU

BY STANLEY FROST

THIS IS THE LAST OF A SERIES OF THREE ARTICLES ON THE TREATMENT WHICH AMERICAN VETERANS HAVE RECEIVED FROM THEIR GOVERNMENT

WHEN General Frank T. Hines took charge of the Veterans' Bureau about four months ago, he had, besides his own abilities, one great advantage. He did not have to cater to the picayune politicians whose demands for special favors continually corrupted the work. This gave the first chance in the five years of work for the veterans for orderliness and moderate efficiency.

The General used his chance at once. His second order, as was told in a previous article, was directed against the politicians. He also set about it in many other ways to clean up the mess he had taken over. He has done much. Officials of the Bureau these days constantly use the little word "now." This or that thing, they will tell you, is being done "now;" this or that abuse is ended "now." That one word is a complete indictment of the previous work of the Bureau in the failures it implies.

The overhauling is going on with increasing speed. Since the inquiry on which these articles are based was begun four different abuses have been crossed off the list, and definite improvements have been made in other things. There is no doubt that General Hines is doing everything within his authority as rapidly as he is able. What he may have lacked at the start in understanding of his great job he is learning fast. But he is not having smooth sailing, and, through no fault of his own, can never succeed completely.

Even his first move against politics could be only partly successful—decreasing the evil, but not ending it. He could, and did, order that no claim should be put ahead of another because of political influence, but he could not prevent subordinates from granting other favors to politicians from whom they had received or expected favors in return, or whose resentment they feared. He may be able to convince these subordinates in time that he can protect them if they defy a politician in good cause, but he can never wholly stop deals "among friends."

Moreover, the idea of doing the work on its merits is slow in reaching the lower strata of the organization. This is true of all reforms he has started. He has pretty well cleared politics out of the central office, but the branch offices are far behind. In one of them I counted in half an hour seven politicians among the visitors. They were not there for fun!

The second big task he had was to get the work done promptly. Here more has been accomplished. The central office is even with its work for the first time. This reform, too, is reaching the branches more slowly, but even there a speeding up is evident.

Third, General Hines began a hunt for good men inside the organization, and when he found them moved them rapidly toward the top. He could not pay salaries big enough to get experts from outside, but he is making use of those men who have shown ability and have grown up to their work. One of his troubles, however, is in keeping such men against the higher offers from outside.

Fourth came an attack on the needlessly large number of employees and overhead costs. Both were enormous. On July 1 there were more than 29,000 employees of the Bureau, of whom 8,868 were on administration work alone. The "administrative costs" for the last year were $41,964,350, but even this does not show the cost of excessive employees in the non-administrative branches.

There was at the beginning an excuse for high cost. Congress had failed to provide in advance for the work, and when the need became overwhelming the relief agencies had to start under the worst of emergency conditions. We learned during the war how expensive those conditions are. Most of the big war agencies disbanded without being reformed, but this one continued, also without reform, for five years! Many of its duties have been finished, but there was no important reduction in the number of employees. The work was increased by adding red tape or was thinned down till it still occupied every one.

It was a hard knot to untie, for many, if not most, of the employees were trying their best to prove that the work could not be done with one clerk less. General Hines cut the knot by dropping a few hundred of the least efficient people, and this scared some of the others to better effort. His reductions of red tape and the increased orderliness and time given by his measures against politicians brought further speed, and more employees went. He tells me that he hopes soon to let at least a third of the 4,794 people at the central office go. If he once persuades the whole force that the best way to keep their jobs is to work well and fast, he will be able to reduce the force even more.

These things, important as they are, are really secondary to the General's real job, which is to get the work done better—very much better. He has made a start on this, too. He has stopped needless examinations and long waits for veterans under care. He has put in a division to take care of the hospital building programme which has been handled so poorly. Most of all, he has begun doing the fundamental things which should have been done at the very start; resurveying the rehabilitation trainees to make sure that they are really headed toward self-support, and resurveying the patients in the hospitals to find any cases of faulty diagnosis or wrong treatment.

These things, and this much, General Hines can do himself—not as well as they should be done, for he still has not enough ability among his subordinates, but he can do them. But for other things, at least as badly needed, he must go to Congress for new legislation. The first thing he mentioned when asked what was needed most was the authority to pay higher salaries.

"The present scale is too low to get good men—mostly," he said. "We need fewer men, but better ones. I hope to get money for that by some of the reductions of force we are making. The time has gone past when war enthusiasm enabled the Government to get the best there was regardless of what it paid."

His other recommendations all strike at one of the great, though intangible, evils that have grown out of the Bureau's work. This is its tendency to destroy the sense of independence, and often the very wish for self-reliance, on the part of the men aided. Many things in the public attitude give a basis for this pauperizing: the wide feeling that it is no sin to graft on the Government, the glowing promises that were made to the soldiers, and the strong but often indiscriminate and sentimental feeling of our duty toward them. Probably no men on earth are skillful enough to have administered the war relief without creating some tendencies toward dependence; under the unskilled administration of the Bureau the evil became serious.

The officials have been generous—often far too generous—and the work to-day is heavily burdened by men who get far more than they are entitled to, and who naturally keep increasing their demands. There are men in the hospitals with slight or even imaginary ailments; there are others in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

training because of disabilities so slight that, as one official put it, "we are rehabilitating men for hangnails and dandruff." There is constant demand for more and more compensation and allowances far beyond actual need. Political pull has helped all these abuses.

An indication of the extent of this beggar attitude is shown in the experience of Major William F. Deegan, who more than any other man has given time and strength to helping veterans. He has loaned from his own pocket some hundreds of dollars, mostly in small sums, to veterans who were in need. But he has not received a dollar of it back!

More definite evidence is in the demands recently framed by the Disabled American Veterans. Here are a few: that any veteran who has been in hospital for a year shall (even if cured) receive a pension the rest of his life as if he were completely disabled; that all veterans shall be treated free for any illness or injury, whether from service or not; that all trainees shall receive free their "equipment, books, and supplies," which would include complete sets of tools for all mechanics, etc.

General Hines has three recommendations which would check the growth of this spirit, and make it less profitable to malinger, loaf, and delay training or convalescence. The first is that excessive compensations shall be reduced, making all compensation actually in proportion to the degree of disablement. Second, he would make the allowances given to trainees no greater than they could expect to earn from their trades when learned, thus destroying the inducement to prolong training. Third, he would give no disability pay to men in hospitals, thus ending a practice which has often made it highly profitable for a veteran to be sick. He would of course take care of the families of men temporarily disabled. But "the purpose of the hospitals is to cure the men, not to support them," he said.

For these reforms he must, as stated, go to Congress. Without them he will be unable to cure most of the worst evils. It is needless to say that without strong public support he will have little chance of getting them. It is always hard to get fair pay for experts in Government employ. His recommendations against overpayments will be met by a tremendous outcry from a mixed force of would-be beggars and sentimentalists. Moreover, Congress and public opinion react promptly, but without discrimination, to stories of injustice or hardship, and hardly at all to the subtle and less sentimental, but more fundamental, evils which these measures would cure.

Just a word about these complaints of injustice and hardship. There have been many, and undoubtedly many were justified. But also there have been many in which the facts did not bear out the charges. My own inquiries into some hundred cases showed where Bureau officials had been stupid, where the veterans suffered from red tape—and there were literally thousands of cases where this delay was criminal in the earlier days—and a good many where the men's own blunders or folly were not properly handled. I did not, however, find anything that looked like callousness or deliberate neglect. It is no comfort to the veterans who suffered to know that it was from foolishness instead of meanness, but the distinction is important in considering remedies. I did find many—even among those which had caused sharp complaint—where good nature had been carried to the point of indulgence. I do not doubt that there are many cases of injustice, since even the Supreme Court has been known to err, but personally I did not find them.

Indeed, many of the complaints about which the papers made the greatest fuss were without justice. There was a big disturbance, for example, over a man who complained that he was being thrown out of training with only thirty days toward making him a chauffeur, and that officials had manhandled him. What did not appear in the reports was that he had completed eighteen months' training as a vulcanizer and been allowed the thirty days at truck driving as an extra; that he had declared to the Bureau that he was entitled to four years' training regardless of his needs, and that he had knocked down the officer who refused to keep him on the payroll indefinitely. He was in the act of kicking the prostrate man when he was "manhandled."

Another man who complained publicly because he was denied training kept the boards busy for weeks. He claimed to have broken a leg, but could not prove it. There was nothing to show that he could not carry on his pre-war occupation, and much to show that he could. But he raised a sizable storm.

Another man who complained that he had been beaten up in the Bureau said that it was merely because he "tried to get action." A court inquiry showed that he had tried to tear up the folder which contained his papers, and had kicked two officers because they told him he must prove to the medical officers that he was sufficiently disabled to be entitled to training. He has not proved it yet.

There was much sympathy, too, for a man who complained that, though he had been trained as an auto mechanic, the Bureau tried to force him to become a stage "super." The facts were that the stage work was offered as a chance to make extra money, and did not affect the training. His real trouble was that he refused to work, claiming that he was entitled to four years' support, and was trying to "get even" with an officer who tried to make him attend classes.

I have a list of some thirty such cases, and even the best friends of the veterans admit that there are many like them. They certainly do not prove that the Bureau is always right, but they do seem to show that it is right sometimes. I have seen so many instances in which it has given veterans the benefit of more doubts than seemed to exist that I am convinced it intends to give about all it can. The trouble is not with intention, but that it is slow, and doesn't know how! Nothing seems more certain than that any well-founded complaints will be adjusted as soon as they reach the higher officers.

Some complaints have not even this much foundation. As an example, for the last two years there have been stories of sick veterans walking the winter streets, homeless and suffering. Minneapolis once reported five hundred such. But Dr. Rogers tells me that he has asked for names in every case, and has yet to receive one. Complaints like that help make the Bureau's work hard, and do not help to cure anything.

Less spectacular and flagrant but far deeper and more important is the uncertain value of the medical care and the training given. Worst of all are the delays, and the feeling of injustice which comes to a man when another gets more than he, even if that other has got more than justice. These evils injure thousands of men, and are a danger to every man who comes to the Bureau for aid. The reforms General Hines is making and the further reforms Congress may permit will cure many of these. But not all.

There will remain, even if all this is done, certain difficulties which will prevent his making the Bureau at the very best compare well with any private business. In the first place, such reforms as he can make must be slow, for he cannot tear the Bureau to pieces and build it right. The machine must be kept running every minute.

Moreover, he cannot go too far. No man in a Government position is completely free from political influence, for he must depend on Congress for both legislation and appropriations to carry on the work. So the General must step softly and use much diplomacy.

Inside his organization, too, his power is strictly limited. Most employees, even the political placemen, are protected by Civil Service law, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he cannot discharge them unless their inefficiency becomes so gross that it can be proved in court. Without this threat over his subordinates it is only by inspiration—a rather weak weapon—that he can try to make them even fairly active and efficient. Yet the average of their efficiency is low, even including the Civil Service people.

These are the hobbles of politics and personnel which make the best Government administration of so low a grade. The Veterans' Bureau has been worse than the average, both because it has had to handle problems that needed more than average care and intelligence and because its organization in an emergency multiplied all normal evils. It is being improved somewhat, it can be improved more with opinion to secure the right kind of legislation, but it can never be good so long as it is a politically controlled body, and that of course it must always be.

Conditions like this dishearten every public administrator not hardened to political slackness. They are bad enough in themselves, and they are made worse—for the administrator—by unthinking criticism. In view of them, it is often really surprising that many public officers do not do worse. We Americans like to talk of the glories of "playing a poor hand well," yet have little mercy when our public servants fail to play the "busted flushes" we deal them as if they were all aces. Nor does a public-spirited man gain anything by resigning, either for himself or the service. One of the best doctors in the veterans' service tried it in disgusted protest. He was promptly and viciously vilified, and, though I do not know who is doing his work, there is no danger in asserting that it is a less able man.

It is politics that causes all this; the constant interference and wire-pulling for jobs and favors; the constant arrangement of all public work to provide jobs and favors, all calculated for the production of votes. Yet the politicians, too, can pass the blame back. They do not play politics for fun; most of them hate it and are glad when administrators lay down rules which close the game. They pull wires and commit jobbery because that is the only way they can stay in politics, whether they happen to be grafters or statesmen. It is life and death to them.

We voters make it so, and can stop it when we please. Probably the "more intelligent" voters alone could stop it, if they ever wished it enough to do their fair share of political work. For politicians needs must do the things the voters will reward, and there will be efficiency and intelligence in government administration just so soon as good administration and able work become better vote-getters than petty graft and personal favors.

We have all helped to cheat the veterans.

PARAGRAPHS FROM A POLITICIAN'S EUROPEAN NOTE-BOOK

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

CAN Americans succeed on the Sea?

The British and Norwegians and Germans have done it. Can we do it? After crossing on the United States S.S. America and coming back on the Leviathan, I am satisfied that it all depends on us. If the American people will support by their freight and passenger traffic the splendid service which has already been initiated, there will be little doubt about the success of American shipping enterprise.

The American clipper ships once constituted a considerable part of the carrying trade of the world. Our present-day Government ships have the advantage of the operating skill of the United States Naval Reserve, and the management is steadily improving. The great oil-burning boilers of the Leviathan no longer need the low-grade coal-passing labor. The fuel oil is mechanically sprayed into the boilers under pressure. And the young engineering staff from the naval schools is as fine a body of men as you could ever hope to find below decks.

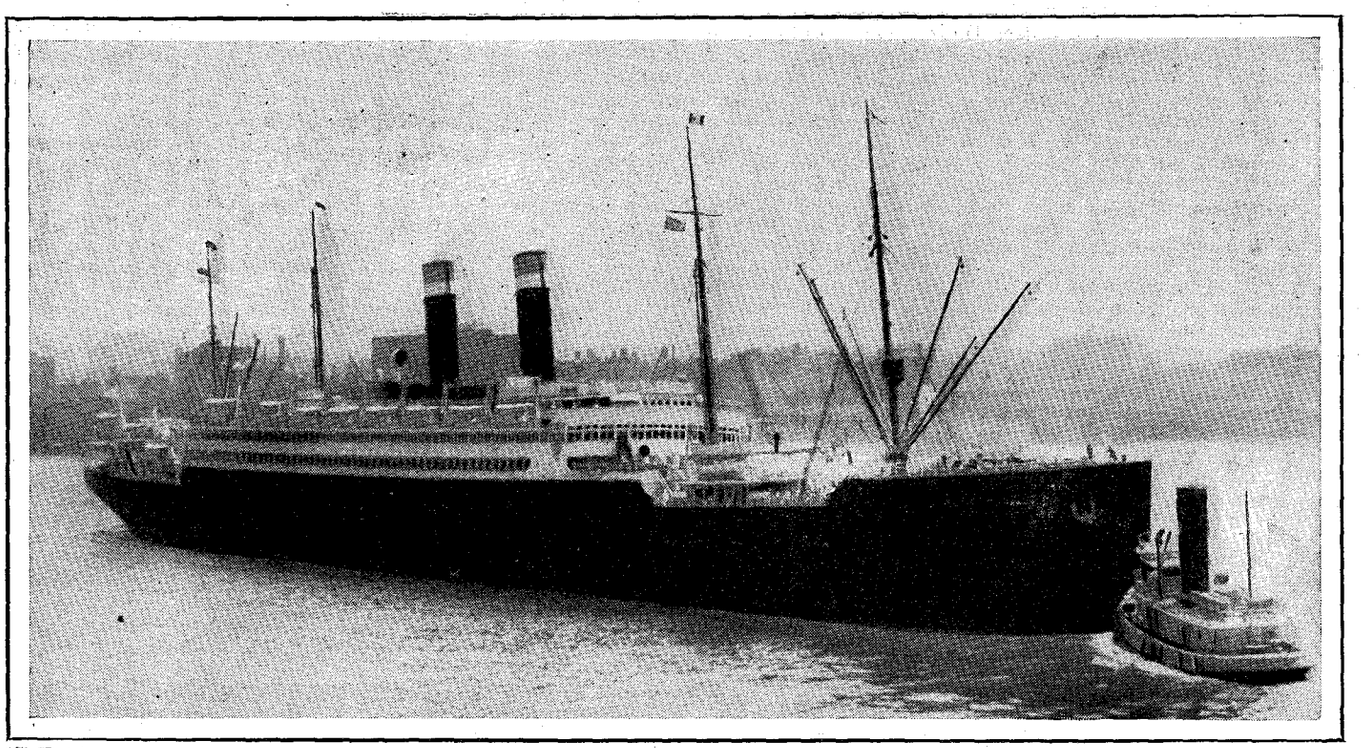
The America is now a one-cabin ship, the best one afloat. Everybody who travels on her, except immigrants on the return voyage, is on a basis of democratic equality. There are no class distinctions. She had a typically American ship's company on her first voyage this summer—Harvard and Yale track teams on the way to compete with Oxford and Cambridge, representative Baptists on the way to the international conference at Stockholm, educators, the more modestly wealthy business men, a fine kind of middle-class people from many States of the Union. There were none of the struggling mass of our modern bootlegging aristocracy and other quick-rich of their ilk, such as are to be found on the class ships, but a truly American product, at least well enough to do so that they were able to pay their voyage fees and get home again. Some of the English voyagers with whom I talked thought that we would not be able to succeed on the sea, but I found that the service force of the Cunarders and the White Star Liners are eagerly pushing their way towards the American ships where wages and human conditions are more favorable. I suspect that English shipping capital is not happy about that.

I observe that there are a good many Representatives and Senators from the Middle West who have crossed this summer. I hope they will spread the gospel of an American merchant marine, even if it has to be reasonably and soundly subsidized. When international trade starts up again, it will be worth while to have a shipping management that will spread the fame and furnish the transportation for American producers. There is enough American political instinct in the Middle West to perceive that this is good business policy in peace, even if we never need these ships as auxiliaries in war.

When the Leviathan looked small.

On the first day out from Cherbourg on the return trip we realized why going down to the sea in ships and doing business in great waters will always be a serious as well as a fascinating enterprise. Suddenly we ran into a gale that was far from stirring up mountains of water, but it certainly did stir up some good-sized hills. And the Leviathan, which seemed so great and so steady when the sea was calm, was lifted by the elemental power beneath until her bow pointed at one moment to the stars and the next moment she was washing her face in the sea. The iceberg, fog, and fire will always remain to imperil the traveler on the deep. As you ride into the harbor of Plymouth after crossing on one of the great modern vessels, you have a new and glowing sense of admiration for the daring and intrepidity of soul of the Pilgrim fathers and their sort, who fared forth in little ships not much larger than one of the Leviathan's lifeboats. For unparalleled and courageous splendor of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(C) Keystone

"THE AMERICA IS NOW A ONE-CABIN SHIP, THE BEST ONE AFLOAT"

achievement and initiative, what has ever surpassed that particular human stock!

Europe Bound Hand and Foot.

In a sense the continent of Europe is bound hand and foot by its history, by its age-old traditions and frontiers and hatreds and prejudices and battles. From the European side you can estimate properly the enormous value of our American federal system of government, by which we so largely wipe out frontiers and local prejudices and causes of dispute, and move from one State to another in our mighty empire with no particular friction. There are deep economic and political and racial cleavages in America, and they sometimes give us great concern, but they give us nothing like the trouble which they give Europe. Until, in some form or other, Europe gets a federated system of states, and does away with her customs barriers and her armed frontiers and softens her ancient suspicions and enmities, Europe will never make genuine progress and will never have peace.

What is left of Royalty?

George V still survives in England, even after the blistering lines of Thackeray about the Georges—was it Thackeray or somebody else?

George the First very vile was reckoned.
Viler still was George the Second,
And no one ever heard
Any good of George the Third.
When George the Fourth to hell descended
Thank the Lord! the Georges ended.

But the reason that George V survives is that he is shorn of political authority and dedicated to the family virtues and to good works. The Prince of Wales works harder than any politician I know in America, laying cornerstones, visiting hospitals, showing himself in speech and person wherever masses of the English people are gathered together throughout the world. We perceive the growing democracy of the marriages of English royalty. They are mating more and more with the home folks, especially with the wealthy home folks. There are those who say that they are getting ready for the *dénouement* when the Labor party comes into power and objects to the expenditures for keeping up royalty, when royalty will have to depend on its own. There is no present sign of any such outcome. There is a present devotion of all classes of the English people because royalty serves. But any show of direct authority or any exhibition of bad morals would put the ruling house out of business in a hurry.

It is the same in other countries. King Albert of Belgium is enormously popular, notably because of his exhibition of character and devotion in the war. The two men who share this popularity with him in Belgium are Cardinal Mercier and Brand Whitlock. Brand Whitlock has a great boulevard named for him in Brussels. He greatly served. Why can't we use Brand Whitlock over here in America? Why do we let drop out of sight and service a man who is second or third in the esteem of the kingdom of Belgium?

It is the same with Haakon of Norway, Christian of Denmark, Alfonso of Spain, and Victor Emmanuel of Italy, as with King Albert. The reason is the same in every case. Each one of them really typifies the highest virtues of democracy, not of monarchy. Victor Emmanuel told Roosevelt that he wouldn't object at all to being President of an Italian democracy. And he could be elected, too, by an overwhelming majority. And so could all the rest of these fellows, because they give their lives to the service of their people without any real political authority. And that is the only way they survive. And it has all happened so quickly. There is nothing more completely doomed in the world than political autocracy. Invisible industrial autocracies still exercise great power in several countries of the world, but soon it will be the same story with them. The industrial autocracy of Germany, which is behind the government of Germany today, will either fall soon before the Communists, or right about face and serve the German people.

England carries on under difficulties.

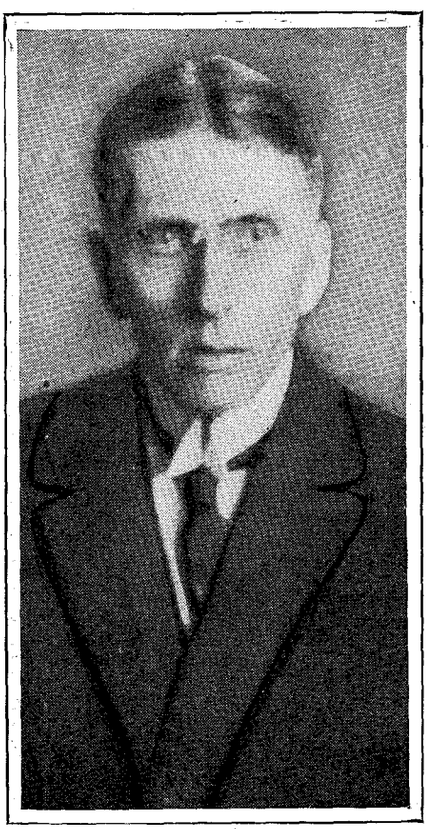
We used to hear a great deal before the war about the decadence of the English population; particularly the labor multitudes of the cities. This was ascribed to the unusual hardships, without proper governmental regulation, of the earlier period of the mining and manufacturing industry in England; and the growing and anæmic slums became a part of the literary and critical interpretation of modern England. There probably was something in that point of view, but the physical discipline of the younger generation in camp and on the battle-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(C) Keystone
"KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM IS ENORMOUSLY POPULAR"

field, and the changed attitude of the mind of England in such industrial matters anyway, seem together to be producing still a virile race of the commonalty. A friend of mine in Liverpool who has had unusual experience with the so-called slum life tells me that there has always been a toughness of fiber about the English common stock which always gives it a good chance to come back when the environment changes. Certainly in the so-called proletarian quarters of English cities I saw great numbers of as husky children as I ever saw anywhere—docile and dirty, but husky. Certainly so far as upstandingness is concerned the English do not look anywhere like a decadent race. The young men who have come back from the war have plenty of pep and ginger. They criticise the post-war Government very freely. They blame Winston Churchill for Gallipoli, and Lloyd George for his rosy promises of a Utopia after the war, which have been so sadly unfulfilled. They say, "Let's see the Government get us into another war!" And all the time the background of another war is forming, with the growing separation between England and France, the rapid increase of the French air force, and even the labor leaders of England solidly backing the Government in its hostility to French policies! My guess is that England won't fight very soon again, at least until the virtues of diplomacy have been exhausted and re-exhausted—and then a great cause or merely a great propagandism and how gladly again and again men seem willing to give their lives!

There are at least a million men still unemployed and the recipients of weekly governmental doles in the British Isles. In the last three years the State has provided four hundred millions of pounds for the maintenance of men in economic idleness, and unless the Continent starts up again and begins to buy of England, the unemployment is likely to be worse rather than better and to continue so until an equivalent amount of trade is adjusted with more distant countries of the earth. The labor costs are higher than in France or Germany—at least in the proportion of six, four, and two. And it is harder in another way for England, because she is trying to pay her debts and is paying them, and the other countries are not. There are some unpleasant qualities about Englishmen as about other people, but there is one thing that stands out in Europe, and that is the financial integrity of England. It is a great quality in a weakening, woolly-thinking world, where so many millions of people are beginning to believe that all you have to do to secure national prosperity is to steal the property of other people and divide it up! And Englishmen are so proud of their business integrity; and, grumbling hard all the time, as becomes Englishmen, are yet bending their backs to the most drastic self-imposed taxation in the history of the world, and glorying in it when they talk to foreigners!



"BRAND WHITLOCK HAS A GREAT BOULEVARD NAMED FOR HIM IN BRUSSELS"

Keystone
"GEORGE V STILL SURVIVES IN ENGLAND"

The depressed trade of England sharpens their criticism of the French policy in the Ruhr. The business interests in the British Isles, which are strong in the present Government, would like to give the Germans a chance to get quickly on their feet and become good customers of England once more. The French, since the Armistice, have not been half as much interested in that as they have been in securing a programme of safety for their lands and their children through the long future. I think, too, that British pride is touched because France is steadily assuming the leadership of Europe. It therefore is becoming easier for the Government of England to refuse to see things through French eyes.

English Politics.

If the present divisions among the more cautious elements of the nation were to continue, the Labor party, which is just now the strong opposition force in the House of Commons, would certainly come into power before the end of the period of five years set by Sidney Webb. In the present divided condition of English liberalism, there would be no alternative to the older order except radicalism. The personal feud between Asquith and Lloyd George is, of course, at the bottom of it. However they may argue on the floor of the House of Commons, everybody knows that they do not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accept one another's invitations to luncheon. But although there is in England nothing like the fear of labor radicalism which we seem to have in this country, there is still, I think, an instinctive hostility to it on the part of the majority of the English people which would rather show itself in a reasonable liberalism if it had a chance. But will it have the chance? The front bench leaders of the Labor party in Parliament are even now very scrappy and skillful. I listened to a running debate between Joshua Wedgwood, a highly intelligent Labor representative, on the one hand, and a leading lieutenant of the landed gentry on the other, in which the former fairly crumpled the latter up with scorn and contumely.

It is the ever-recurring irony of politics that Lloyd George at home seems to have faded completely out of the picture. One hardly hears his name mentioned except as a prominent political derelict. Everybody gives him credit for exactly the right qualities of enthusiasm and optimism and inspiration which were necessary to stir the munition workers of the country into efficiency and hopefulness for the period of the war, but beyond that nothing more—at least until political conditions in England radically change. The poise and practical sense of Baldwin are more in keeping with the serious economic needs of the hour. And all the time the forces underneath England are becoming more and more those of a progressively radical democracy.

You look upon the great historical monuments and reflect upon the aristocracy of power and wealth which created them; and there seems already a vast chasm of time between them and the labor opposition of Parliament and the existing radical criticism, not only of political parties, but of the economic system which lies behind them.

THE BIG BUSINESS OF FOOTBALL

BY GEORGE MARVIN

I

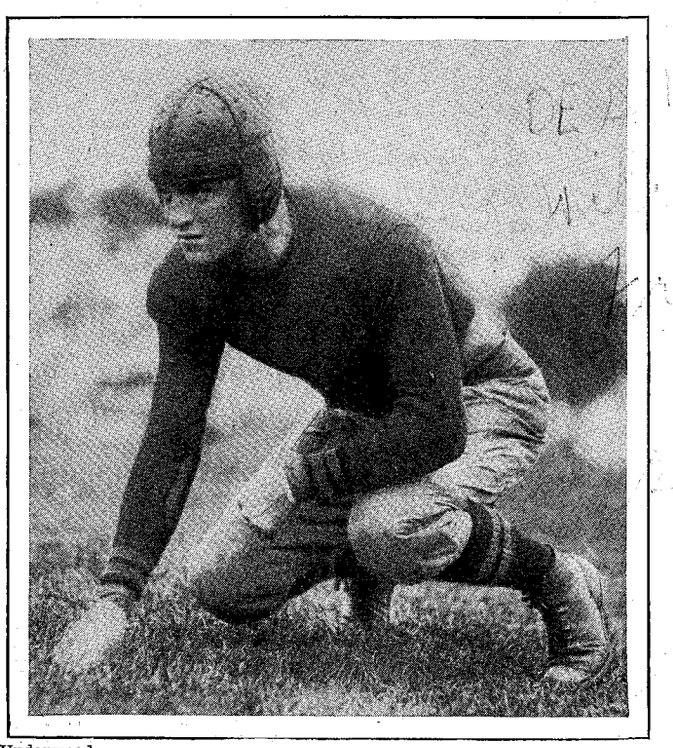
The teams take their places according to the venerable rules.
The ball goes flying across like the moon.
No allowances are made for feelings;
There must be no partialities.
But there must be determination and coolness;
Without the slightest irritation at failure.
And if all this be necessary for football,
How much more so for the business of life!

THUS long ago wrote the Chinese poet Li Yu, in his inscription for a Celestial football ground A.D. 50. And the same verses might becomingly be inscribed upon the next colossal stadium built to seat the ever-increasing thousands drawn annually, when the leaves begin to turn, by the same old game.

The business of life goes right on now, as it did in Li's time, irrespective of season. The business of football needs cold weather just as much now as it did in North China nineteen hundred years ago. When Porto Rico became a possession of the United States, one of the several inappropriate American institutions which followed the American flag into our new tropical domain was the game of football: moleskins, headguards, spiked shoes, sweaters, tonsorial modes, and all the rest of the familiar paraphernalia. In two years it died a natural death. The climate killed it. With a temperature averaging over 80 degrees the year round a football game was a running Turkish bath tempered with apoplexy. Even the spectators suffered sympathetically to the boiling point. It was abundantly proved that you couldn't import south of the twenty-fifth parallel, with the material properties of the game, either its appropriate state of mind or its season. Baseball took root in the alien soil and has thrived ever since like unto the green banana tree. American football needs unexportable autumn days, just as an American autumn needs football.

There is something about the shortening days of September and October, with their high blue afternoons, the smell of burning brushwood, the tingle in the air that has come to rouse the laziness of summer moods, the tracery of clean black trees against cold skies, the tuning up of mental strings as American youth comes marching back in its millions to duties relinquished for a while—something in all this annual readjustment that spells football. For if you multiply all the educational and recreational institutions in this eager young land by their active quotas, and then again by their alumni, and still again enormously by their constituencies of mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, relatives, friends, and newspapers—have you not reached a far greater annual preoccupation than any mere matter of business, no matter how big? American youth, when the wonderful recreative days of autumn come along, needs something strenuous wherewithal to express itself. And football translates this need for expression into action.

The crowd sees the expression and



Underwood

"IF BRITISH CRICKET HELPED TO WIN AT WATERLOO, AMERICAN FOOTBALL HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH CHATEAU THIERRY AND THE ARGONNE"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thrills with it. The mother of the left-end can't distinguish her first-born from the other twenty-one figures darting hither and yon before her, but she hears his name borne exultingly on the air yelled by thousands of hoarse throats. The left guard's girl keeps her more accustomed eyes glued on him alone, understanding nothing and caring less what happens to the others or where the ball goes. The father of the full-back bores his neighbor with his elbow and everybody within earshot with his proud paternity. The average mother or father, the average girl, the average lay spectator, responds to the vivid tableaux of the game; relishes its speed, its fight, its primitive obviousness; but, altogether unlike a crowd of sophisticated and indoctrinated baseball fans, the football crowd miss certainly four-fifths of the beautiful detail which goes to the making of a touchdown. They see the half-back, with the ball tucked under one arm, racing across the last few chalk-lines on his way to fame, but they get no glimpse of the co-ordination which got him there: the combined assistance of his ten mates, the months of practice which made their combination of effort work like the separate parts of a motor-engine; the chief-of-staff mentality of coach to plan, and of captain and platoon-leader-quarterback to carry out just the right maneuver at the right moment.

Most of this the crowd misses clean, cheering the result of it. And yet it is the glorified chess in football that keeps it the great American cold weather game; the infinite thinkable possibilities of it. Prize-fighting in some respects is, perhaps, as great a spectacle; a great business certainly. It has ceased to be a game. The element of sport has gone from it when one contestant can be paid a guaranteed $300,000, win or lose, before he puts foot in the ring. While its annual gate receipts swell it into a National business far greater than prize-fighting, football remains a great sport because it calls for a high type of mentality as well as the strongest and most active type of physique on the part of contestants who derive nothing but glory for reward. Yes, something more. No boy or man goes conscientiously through a season of football without those intangible benefits in body, mind, and character which have become assets in the morale and fiber of the nation. If British cricket helped win battles for the Empire, football had something to do with Château Thierry and the Argonne.

Brains win football games as well as bloodier battles. Last year's championship Princeton eleven was outweighed, with two exceptions, by every team it played during the season. There wasn't a star on that team, as its coach ruefully admitted at the beginning of training; and the progress of the season triumphantly vindicated him. But Mr. Roper produced that very rare thing in co-ordinated human effort, in or out of

Underwood

A PLAYER WHOSE "BEAN" AND FEET WERE BOTH RIGHT

athletics, a perfect unit, wherein each element was subordinated to an unbeatable Princeton composed of eleven parts.

Every coach tries to produce that kind of a team from the material at hand; and every year a lot of them—an ever-increasing number of them—succeed in doing so. As the game becomes constantly a higher refinement of something between open warfare and a fine art, the highly specialized profession of coaching becomes yearly more effective. The Big Three of football—Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—are no longer biggest except in tradition and sentiment. Every year one or all of them is beaten by some institution of learning unheard of in the front page football columns fifteen years ago. The material is the same. The standard of coaching, the level of football intelligence, has risen enormously. The great artificer in manufacturing a football team is the unique amateur-professional, who is himself a product of the game he has helped to develop. Such men as Walter Camp of Yale, Percy Haughton of Harvard, A. A. Stagg of Chicago, "Bill" Roper of Princeton, Major Daly of West Point, Paul Dashiel of Annapolis, Dobie of Cornell, and Professor Williams of Minnesota, constitute a class of coaches peculiar to this sport. Every one of them is a professional in the sense that he derives, or has derived, pecuniary compensation from his active coaching or advice. But every one of them is also "a gentleman and a scholar," and for every one of them football, although for the time being an absorbing occupation, is really avocational. These men and others like them, the Ludendorffs, Foches, Haigs, and Pershings of gridiron warfare, have made the game what it is to-day. From year to year, with the incentive of vivid rivalry, they have developed its possibilities; several of them, as members of the Rules Committee, have brought to the codifications of the regulations the practical experience gained in successive seasons of active coaching. No man or group of men has left a similar impress on rowing or baseball. The roughest of all games, American football is the product of cool thinking. Columbia University, with an enrollment more than double that at Harvard or Yale or Princeton, has nevertheless occupied a low place in the second division of college football for many years. There has been no lack of material, no lack of money or enthusiasm. A competent general staff was lacking. And accordingly when the Columbia alumni got together this year with the determination of making an effective change, they chose Percy Haughton, acknowledged to be the football genius of this generation, to assume charge of Columbia football, with despotic powers. It will be interesting to watch the development of this injection of the best football brains into an otherwise, and hitherto, losing combination.

II

In a thousand localities all over the country something like the following dialogue is going on any one of these September evenings:

"Your ball on opponent's fifteen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(C) Underwood

THE RUBRIC SAYS ALWAYS FALL ON A FUMBLED BALL. THE GENIUS PICKS IT UP IN HIS STRIDE AND RACES ON TO THE TOUCHDOWN THAT ENSHRINES HIM IN THE FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME

yard line. What's your play?" fires the coach at the first choice for quarter-back.

The boy is tired, his face is streaked with sweat as he stands in a muddy group of candidates round their mentor at the end of the day's practice. But his mind is alert and he comes right back with "Where's the wind? What down? How much longer to play?" And, getting all these queries answered, immediately concludes with the signal "17–64–22."

"Wrong," says the coach. "Don't try that play. Not unless the wind is blowing dead against you and it's last down. Hold that thought. Now, Jones," turning to the next candidate, "why didn't you kick on first down in your territory as I told you?"

"They were outkicking us about ten yards on every exchange," promptly answers the substitute, "so I put on a couple of running plays so's to make up the difference. . . ."

"And banged up your offense where it did no good," interrupts the coach. "Couldn't you see you were holding all the ground you kicked, while their ends couldn't get down fast enough under those low golf shots their full-back was sending? Use your bean. Your feet are all right."

The other players have left the field. They are singing close-harmony in the shower baths, dressing in the locker-rooms or straggling back in groups to their clubs and dormitories. But the quarter-back's and the captain's day is never done. With the coaches they are forever at it, analyzing and seeking to profit by each day's play and scheming out strategy and tactics for future games. That little figure—for the requirements of the quarter-back position call for a compact, catlike physique—crouching on the offense to receive the ball from his center and barking his hoarse numerals or, on the defense, encouraging his forwards with a slap here and a word there as he tries to diagnose the enemy's intention, is the pivotal personality of the eleven and its guiding intelligence in action. In the manufacture of a winning football team no one element is so important as a resourceful quarter-back, the man who can absorb with a season's experience all the doctrine of his coach and then apply it intelligently in the banging and slamming, the breathlessness and excitement of battle. Theory and precept must be so thoroughly assimilated as to be put into instinctive practice in the important games. Each of the other ten men must know and play his individual position for all it is worth; the quarter-back must know and, constructively, play them all.

What is true of the field general is true in only a slightly minor degree of his mates. Physical attributes being anywhere near equal, it is the higher mentality that gets the job and wins the coveted 'Varsity letter. Backing up the higher mentality, right up to the day of the final game, an insistent drilling in individual positions goes on—end-play, tackle-play, kicking, tackling, catching punts—so that eleven highly developed specialists, each with a co-operative knowledge of the others' specialties, line up in battle line when the referee blows his whistle and sixty thousand people keep silence together.

The crowd sees the individual performance and the papers next day record it in their headlines. But on a well-coached eleven every man on the team takes part in every play. For example, as a well-known coach said to me last season apropos of several victories won by goals from the field:

"The success of goal kicking is only about fifty per cent the affair of the man who happens to do the kicking. We used to run through those plays when B—— took the ball with his triple threat—kick or pass or run—as many as fifty times in an afternoon. By the end of the season they could have pulled off those plays with their eyes shut or in the middle of a dark night."

This smooth perfection which deceives opponents and spectators alike and, by the combined effort of all, suddenly shoots individual players into star-like prominence is attained in the penetralia of what has been called for many years "secret practice"—an idea which a good many people, notably Englishmen, are unable to reconcile with their standards of amateur sport. One year the only two persons, besides the five or six regular coaches, who ever saw the Harvard team in secret practice were an ex-Governor of the Philippine Islands and Miss Julia Sanderson. At all the other colleges the same esoteric methods prevail. After the early season games, in mid-October, the teams annually disappear behind locked and guarded gates. But year after year the general public are rather at a loss to see what mighty things have been accomplished behind those barred gates. The natural presumption is that, after so much secrecy, some new trick plays will be tried or some startling development of the game—like Mr. Deland's famous "flying wedge" in '94—will be sprung on unsuspecting opponents and bewildered spectators. But, so far as the average layman can see, the team which emerges empanoplied in mystery after its six weeks of secret sessions plays pretty much the same character of game which it practiced openly in October.

To tell the truth, secret practice is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less secret than concentrated. A degree of secrecy is, of course, necessary to any contest which depends so largely for success upon strategy. But what is actually accomplished in secret practice, the real reason for it, is the perfection of team play. Games are rarely won by tricks in modern football. What the newspapers annually label as "tricks," and what appear sometimes to the man in the stands as a kind of legerdemain, are really only the successful pulling off of a simple play demanding a high degree of co-ordination. It is a great advantage for the latter-day coach to get his team by themselves, away from the distracting undergraduate gallery, the "scouts" of his rivals, and from the well-meaning but bothersome "old 'varsity man" whose name every autumn is legion. The season is short at best, less than three months, and if the elaborate strategy of a game which has become a kind of breathless chess is to be mastered and put into automatic working order, the closest concentration, which goes best with isolation, is actually necessary.

III

When on a rainy November afternoon some years ago a Harvard team crossed Yale's goal line with the first winning touchdown in seven years, the demonstration on the Harvard side of the field was memorable. The last few gains preceding the touchdown had been very short, and the final supreme effort, a matter of inches, had resulted in a wet compost of blue and crimson humanity dropped, as if from a great height, right on the goal line. It was only after the elements of this composition had been pried up layer by layer, in the midst of an appalling silence, and the ball finally located just over the last chalk-mark intaglio in the mud, that the electric button was pressed. Then the pent-up charge of seven years detonated; then the dam broke.

A thoughtful Yale management had provided every spectator, for a consideration, with a portable straw seat against the wet weather. In a few seconds thousands of these seats literally darkened the air, and, up and down through their flight, rained canes and umbrellas, hats, food—everything throwable.

Similar scenes are familiar at big football games year after year, but what fixed this particular demonstration in my memory clearest was the deportment of one man in the crowd near me, one of the most distinguished and erudite members of the Harvard faculty. Perhaps a lifelong dedication to scholarship had denied him the normal emotional outlets of voice and gesticulation going madly on around him. Standing for a few moments glowering straight ahead through the storm, he suddenly took off his overcoat, rolled it up, and, transfigured for the moment by complete abandon, threw it away.

The psychology of crowds is more easily felt than described. The intense concentration of a football crowd is particularly impressive. It responds like an individual. And yet, with all that highly concentrated attention, it cannot follow or appreciate in detail a fraction of the evolutions going on before it. Football, the most intricately scientific of team games, is rarely witnessed scientifically.

Analyze the psychology of football crowds and you will find that what holds them is primarily the elemental joy of combat. During the sanguinary Yale-Harvard engagement at Springfield in 1894 time had to be taken out on two consecutive plays for the opposing tackles, first one and then the other. After the second interruption, as one of the combatants was being carried on a stretcher, hay-foot, straw-foot, off the field, the father of the other, a white-bearded Civil War veteran sitting *in banc* with the rest of his numerous family, was heard grimly to remark:

"Well, if the Murphys can stand it, I guess the Hallowells can."

In recent years the spirit of intercollegiate sport has lost that almost Balkanic acrimony which broke up old associations and made strife of games. Better rules have been devised and the colleges have been growing up. Nevertheless for players and specta-

(C) Underwood

"THE INTENSE CONCENTRATION OF A FOOTBALL CROWD IS PARTICULARLY IMPRESSIVE. IT RESPONDS LIKE AN INDIVIDUAL"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tors alike football still awakens, and always should arouse, deep-seated, slumbering instincts. "To drink delight of battle" with your peers, or to see it being well drunk—that is the primal lure. The landslide roar of young thousands springing to their feet around football fields over the length of this wide autumn country is merely one expression of the humanity which keeps the British workman watching his game fifty-five minutes of his precious noon-hour recess, hauls special trains of American prosperity-seekers hundreds of miles away from their occupations for less than two hours of sport, and—makes the professor throw away his overcoat.

THE NEW TRIBUNAL OF JUSTICE

BY MOSES H. GROSSMAN

Lincoln said: "Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man."

IT is just twenty-eight years since, standing on the platform of Carnegie Hall, I delivered my valedictory address at the Commencement exercises of the Law School of the University of the City of New York, the subject being "The Lawyer in a Republic." The point of that address was that the duty of a lawyer, especially in a republic, is to remember constantly that he is an officer of the court, sworn to aid in the administration of justice.

It was not long after I delivered that address and took the oath of office that I was directed by the then senior member of my firm to defend an action in the Supreme Court in which a client was sued for $50,000 for an atrocious assault. I was told that it was a case impossible to win, and that my task was to minimize the amount of damages which the jury might award. For three days the jury in that case, which was tried before Mr. Justice Dugro, were leaning out of the jury box, aching to bring in a verdict for the full amount. On the morning of the fourth day, believing that "the end justifies the means," the plaintiff, an ignorant woman whose cause had enlisted the sympathy of a settlement worker, who had retained for her the services of two prominent law firms, placed on the witness-stand her last two witnesses. Their cross-examination resulted in a confession on the part of each that he had not, in fact, been present at the place of the assault when it was committed and that his testimony had been given because of his sympathy for the plaintiff.

Upon that confession on the part of these witnesses I rested my case. I went to the jury on the theory that an honest litigant does not invite or require perjured evidence to establish his case, and the jury rendered a verdict in favor of the defendant.

Now, having offered in settlement of this case $5,000, which had been indignantly rejected, and feeling in my own heart that the plaintiff was entitled to at least that amount, I was unhappy at the result. It was a determination that no one had anticipated. Although "successful," I felt so bad about it that I refused the congratulations of my client and passed a very unpleasant night. I was much perturbed by the question of whether in obtaining this verdict I really had furthered the administration of justice as contemplated in my oath of office. How can a lawyer be said to have aided in the administration of justice when the result achieved is injustice? And yet it was my sworn duty to protect my client and to get the jury to render the smallest amount of damages possible. That they found for the defendant was entirely unlooked for, yet it was the result of a lawyer's efforts.

THIRTY-SIX "GOOD MEN AND TRUE"

No lawyer will gainsay the fact that absolute justice does not always result from a jury's deliberations. Indeed, twelve "good men and true," sitting in two court-rooms hearing the same evidence, will find contrary verdicts. The Arbuckle case, which was recently tried, is an example. Upon the first trial the jury after a very long deliberation stood ten to two for acquittal. Upon the second trial the jury, upon practically the same evidence, stood ten to two for conviction. Upon the third trial the jury, after scarcely leaving their seats, found the defendant "not guilty."

If the scales of justice could be held evenly balanced and the unalloyed truth about each side of a given case placed on opposite sides of the scales to determine which outweighs the other, then there would be absolute justice. That, however, is not quite the process. The ability and astuteness of counsel; his knowledge of law, pleading, practice, procedure, and evidence; his alertness, his persuasiveness, his impressiveness—these are the things which count with juries, outweighing the evidence which should be the controlling factor. So it develops into a battle of wits between legal giants or between a legal giant and a legal dwarf. The laurels go to the abler of the two lawyers. Merely because these facts are unpleasant to contemplate we must not, like the ostrich, bury our heads in the sands of smug hypocrisy and say they do not occur. They do occur, and they occur much too frequently. How long shall they continue? When shall we, as officers of the courts, sworn to aid in the administration of justice, face the situation squarely and honestly and find the true remedy?

THERE ARE LAWYERS AND LAWYERS

Judge Clarence N. Goodwin, at a meeting of the American Bar Association last summer, declared:

"The bar as a whole is composed of intelligent, high-minded, competent lawyers, devoted to their profession, and personally maintaining its high traditions."

But he also asserted, as is undoubtedly the fact: "These miscarriages of justice, due to ignorance and incompetence of counsel, are largely beyond the power of the judges to control or of rules of practice to remedy."

Pursuing his subject further, he said:

"We believe in equality before the law. But how can equality before the law be possible when the rich and powerful are represented in court by highly educated, thoroughly trained, and most competent members of the profession, while a large part of the poor and ignorant who frequently find themselves in court opposed to the more fortunate are so often represented by ignorant, untrained, and incompetent men? . . .

"The shrewd and powerful men and interests of large means are able to know who are competent and who are not, but how is the poor man, the ignorant man, to make any just estimate of who is capable of properly advising and representing him? During my years as a trial judge I was frequently distressed by the fact that one side or the other in the case before me was so incompetently represented by counsel or represented by such ignorant counsel that, owing to the learning and skill of the attorneys on the other side, it seemed impossible to get the case properly before the Court or keep error out of the record."

WANTED—EXPERTS IN THE JURY BOX

In considering this problem, which is of transcendent importance to lawyer and to layman, and indeed to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entire community, from whom we demand respect for law and lawyers, for courts and judges, let us ask ourselves what are the elements that go to make an ideal judge and jury. There are three qualities indispensable in each, and only three. They are integrity, intelligence, and knowledge; integrity, which means character and honesty; intelligence, which means the ability to understand, to comprehend; knowledge, which means a thorough cognizance of the subject in hand. The judge's knowledge must be that of law; the juror's knowledge must be that of the subject under consideration, whether it be tobacco, silk, accountancy, engineering, chemistry, or the like. You cannot expect a jury composed of farmers to determine equitably an intricate stock transaction or an involved problem in finance. You cannot expect a jury composed of silk merchants, tobacco merchants, and stock-brokers adequately to pass upon a question involving scientific knowledge of some sort. Not infrequently, let us say, three "expert" witnesses are produced on one side against three other equally "expert" witnesses on the other side, and the bewildered merchant jurors, being unable to determine the truth as to the matter in issue, take into consideration extraneous circumstances which lead them, perhaps, to the conclusion that it will be less harmful to find in favor of the injured party than of the insurance company, or to find in favor of the poor man than of the rich man, or to find in favor of the plaintiff, who is a woman, than of the defendant, who is a man. In other words, the verdict is one prompted by sympathy rather than by considerations of equity and justice, and both parties leave the court-room with less respect for law and courts and for judges and juries than they had before.

NEW YORK'S TRIBUNAL OF JUSTICE

We have in New York State a law which establishes arbitration as a legal, binding, and effectual means of adjudicating disputes where questions of mere fact are concerned. It is this law which opens the door to relief from conditions such as I have just touched upon and which will be the sustaining force behind the new Tribunal of Justice which has been established by the Arbitration Society of America. This Tribunal will be made up of men of recognized integrity and known ability in their chosen fields. The Board of Governors[1] are men so well and so favorably known in the community as to have already won the confidence of the people, and they will be scrupulously careful in the selection of arbitrators.

WHERE JUSTICE SHOWS SPEED

Let me give out of my own experience an instance of the working of arbitration as practiced in the new Tribunal of Justice. A man named H—— was employed by D—— & Co. in the cotton converting business. H—— was the head of a department the volume of whose yearly transactions was naturally of a fluctuating character. H—— had a contract for $12,000 a year salary and ten per cent of his department's profits. At the end of the year the firm offered him $28,000 as his ten per cent of these profits. But H—— declined. "I want $78,000," he said. "You made $780,000 during the year in this department." The firm protested and pointed out that they had figured their inventory at cost. To which H—— replied: "Well, I am estimating the profits on market value. If you had taken the inventory at market value, it would have been three times larger and your profits for the department would have been $780,000." "That is true," said the head of the firm, "but you know that in the sixty years of our business experience it has been our custom and the custom of the trade in general to figure profits at cost, because next week the market may be under cost, and in the sixty years of our existence we have always paid our managers a percentage based on cost of the merchandise, even when the market was under cost." H—— declined, however, to accept the firm's offer. He figured that he had nothing to lose by bringing an action in court, but, on the contrary, everything to gain, as he felt he was right in his stand. In any event, he was sure of getting $28,000.

So he brought an action in the Supreme Court of Westchester County for $78,000. When my clients came to me, I said to them, "Gentlemen, you will be licked to a frazzle!" They looked at me in amazement, and insisted they had right on their side. "Let me explain," I said. "This is an action brought in Westchester County. In White Plains, where the case will be tried, you won't find many, if any, cotton converters. The jury is most likely to be made up of farmers. H—— will have three converters who will swear that the custom of the trade is to take inventory of merchandise at market value, and you will have three experts who will swear the custom is to take inventory at cost. The jury will hear the three experts hired by H—— at $100 a day apiece, and you will have to pay the same rate to the three who will directly contradict them. After hearing all si the jury will not be able to tell wher the truth lies. The result will be tha when they are driven to find a decis ion they are more than likely to say "We can't tell what the trade custor is. But H—— is a comparatively poo man; the defendants are rich. It i conceded they made at least $280,00 out of H——'s department last yea and perhaps $780,000 in this one de partment of their business. They'r probably millionaires. We will fin for the plaintiff."

My legal opponent was a gentlema of high character and a wise man. H had perfect faith in the justice of hi client's cause, but when I put befor him the unlikelihood of getting a jus decision he readily agreed to submi the matter to arbitration. He got a cotton converter and I got another and these two chose a third, to sit i arbitration of the matter and decid just what was the custom of the trade At ten o'clock one morning we wen before this board. He stated his cas in half an hour, I took the same tim to present mine. At four o'clock tha afternoon the arbitrators made thei decision.

I do not need to particularize in re gard to the nature of the decision, a my purpose is to point out the actua saving of time and money to both par ties to this dispute by their consent ing to arbitrate it. This instance i paralleled by many already heard i the Tribunal of Justice, but I prefe to select this example out of my own experience because one of the assur ances given to disputants and mos rigidly adhered to is that all publicity will be avoided.

Two honest litigants equally anx ious to be fair with each other and neither desiring more than his due, but with a real difference of opinion as to their respective rights, will have access to this Tribunal and thus be able promptly to get justice. The dishonest litigant will of course refuse to submit himself to this Tribunal, because the dishonest litigant does not want justice, speedy or otherwise. He prefers to delay the day of judgment as far as possible, invoking every technicality, every rule, and every statute that will afford him a day's delay, meanwhile hoping that his adversary's witnesses may die or disappear or that their memories may fail. The time will come, however, when a refusal to enter a tribunal of arbitration which assures a speedy and effective determination of an issue before able, honest, and specially equipped men agreed upon by both parties will be interpreted to mean that a man has no defense or has at best a weak one, and chooses, therefore, to take advantage of the overcrowded condition of the calendar which makes it impossible for the

[1] The members of the Board of Governors are Jules S. Bache, Henry Ives Cobb, Robert Grier Cooke, Horace De Lisser, Moses H. Grossman, Charles L. Guy, Robert Lee Hatch, Almet F. Jenks, William B. Joyce, Frederic Kernochan, Samuel McCune Lindsay, Samuel McRoberts, James A. O'Gorman, Thomas I. Parkinson, William C. Redfield, David A. Schulte, Franklin Simon, Frank H. Sommer, and Harlan F. Stone. Charles M. Schwab is Chairman of the General Committee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laintiff to bring him speedily to the ar of justice.

This leads me to point out and emhasize the fact, which must be aparent to all familiar with the present onditions, that by the process of reoving from the courts of law such ases as may be better determined in his new Tribunal of Justice, we will e relieving the congestion of the law ourts, so that the dishonest debtor, vho still insists on having his case ried in a court of law, will no longer e able to avail himself at his credior's expense of the great delay which e is now enabled to procure in the rial of the case against him. When ases, especially those which involve a ure question of fact and no question f law whatever, are settled by arbiration outside of the courts, much of he time of juries and the money of axpayers now wasted will be saved, ecause the court calendars will be ess burdened, their congestion will radually decrease and ultimately disppear, judges will have more time to levote to the solution of important uestions of law, and juries will no onger have imposed upon them the ask of rendering verdicts upon quesions with which they are totally unfamiliar.

A prominent judge at the Lawyers' Club luncheon which marked the launching on May 12 of the new Tribunal stated that he had had a jury before him for a period of five or six weeks in an accountancy problem involving an intricate mesh of figures which they did not in the least understand. He frankly summed up the situation as "ridiculous"—which it obviously was. There could be appointed instead honest, able men who have a thorough knowledge of accounting, whom a Board of Governors, such as exists in the Arbitration Society of America, might be relied upon to suggest, and whom the litigants could agree upon as arbitrators, and these men could determine that question. And who can better determine it than those who have the greatest knowledge of the particular matter involved? It is a fine augury for the success of this endeavor when the judges themselves assert the need for such a tribunal and co-operation as whole-heartedly in its support and establishment.

Where the dispute is one between two persons having an honest difference and desiring a speedy determination, it will be a convenience, which undoubtedly will be frequently availed of, to enter voluntarily into an arbitration agreement and submit the dispute for adjudication by the selected arbitrators.

But it is not merely this class of controversies that will be affected under the law as it now stands. Where the agreement upon which the transactions of the parties was based contains a provision to refer to arbitrators all controversies arising thereunder between the parties, the courts by virtue of this statute will now specifically enforce the provision. Where one of the parties refuses to appoint an arbitrator or otherwise refuses to proceed, the court will name the arbitrator and will compel the proceeding. Accordingly, arbitration provisions such as are now commonly contained in building contracts, in the standard form of architect's agreement, in the standard policy of fire insurance, in the Actors' Equity Association contract, and the like, will become compulsory of enforcement when difference or dispute arises. This will, in the interest of speedy justice, result in merchants generally incorporating similar provisions in their contracts, being assured that the speedy remedy of arbitration will thereby be secured.

Arbitration proceedings, furthermore, differ from proceedings in the regular courts in that they avoid needless technicalities. It has been common experience that too many technicalities both in procedure and in the introduction of evidence have proved impediments rather than aids in the administration of justice. They look to the form of the litigation rather than to its substance. They ofttimes constitute a maze whose intricacies baffle both bench and bar in their efforts to bring about justice between man and man. On the other hand, the wisdom and learning embodied in our substantive law will illumine the determination of the arbitrators. For lawyers of high standing will sit as arbitrators side by side with the merchant and men of other professions in cases wherein questions of law arise.

THE MACHINERY OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNAL

The Arbitration Society of America has established machinery which provides the public and the trades with the short, quick, and economical approach to simple and absolute justice. It consists of a series of rooms, equipped for trials, with a chief clerk, assistants, stenographers, and all necessary equipment. At the request of lawyers, upon application of disputants, the submission agreement or agreement of arbitration and the oath of office are prepared, and the chief clerk assigns a day and hour and a particular room. When the judgment has been rendered, it is put in legal form for signature and confirmation. Arbitrators are selected from the various fields of professional and industrial activity, thus supplying for activity in the new Tribunal three to five thousand upstanding men, well known as to character, intelligence, and achievement. The litigants seeking redress will not, however, be limited to the panel of three or five thousand thus selected by the Board of Governors. They may choose any other men or women in the community to determine their disputes, and, so long as the men or women are satisfactory to the disputants, who has cause to complain? It is far better that litigants be permitted to choose for themselves in the settlement of their disputes men with whose judgment they will be satisfied than to have them submit their controversy to a jury which happens to be satisfactory to neither. The purpose to be served is to give to litigants the widest opportunity for the determination of their disputes at the smallest cost and with the greatest amount of satisfaction to them.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

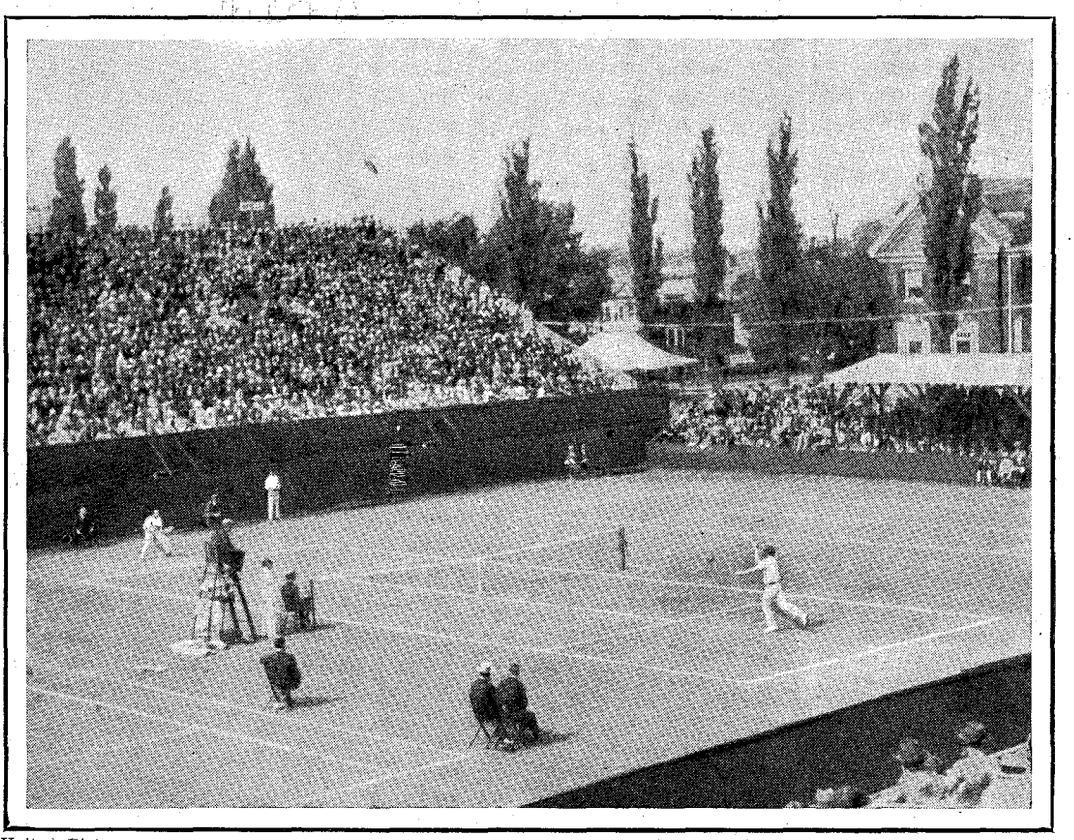
But it is not with the use of the Tribunal which it has itself established that the Arbitration Society of America is solely or mainly concerned. Its greater aim is to educate all the people to resort to arbitration and to strengthen the hands of every trade and commercial organization that is doing this same work among its members.

For arbitration is not new. In fact, at the very first meeting of the New York Chamber of Commerce, our oldest corporation, in May, 1768, an Arbitration Committee was appointed. That was one hundred and fifty-five years ago. Charles L. Bernheimer, who in recent years has directed the activities of this Committee, has been untiring in his effort to propagate the wider use of this common-sense method of mediation and conciliation in business disputes. Many trades have had arbitration tribunals in operation for years, and much has been accomplished through these agencies in their restricted fields. It is gratifying to record that many of the trades and commercial bodies which have arbitration tribunals of their own are heartily supporting the Society's educational efforts. In fact, one of the first steps in its plan is to stir members of trades and organizations which have such tribunals to make use of the facilities afforded for settling disputes in their own fields.

The Society's Tribunal is open to all who may care to use it, and there is no financial motive in its operation, for under the terms of its charter none of its members can profit from such operation. But if through its efforts it can induce more general use of existing facilities for the employment of this method of settling disputes, it will consider that its purpose has been accomplished, for its message to all the people is, "Learn to arbitrate!"

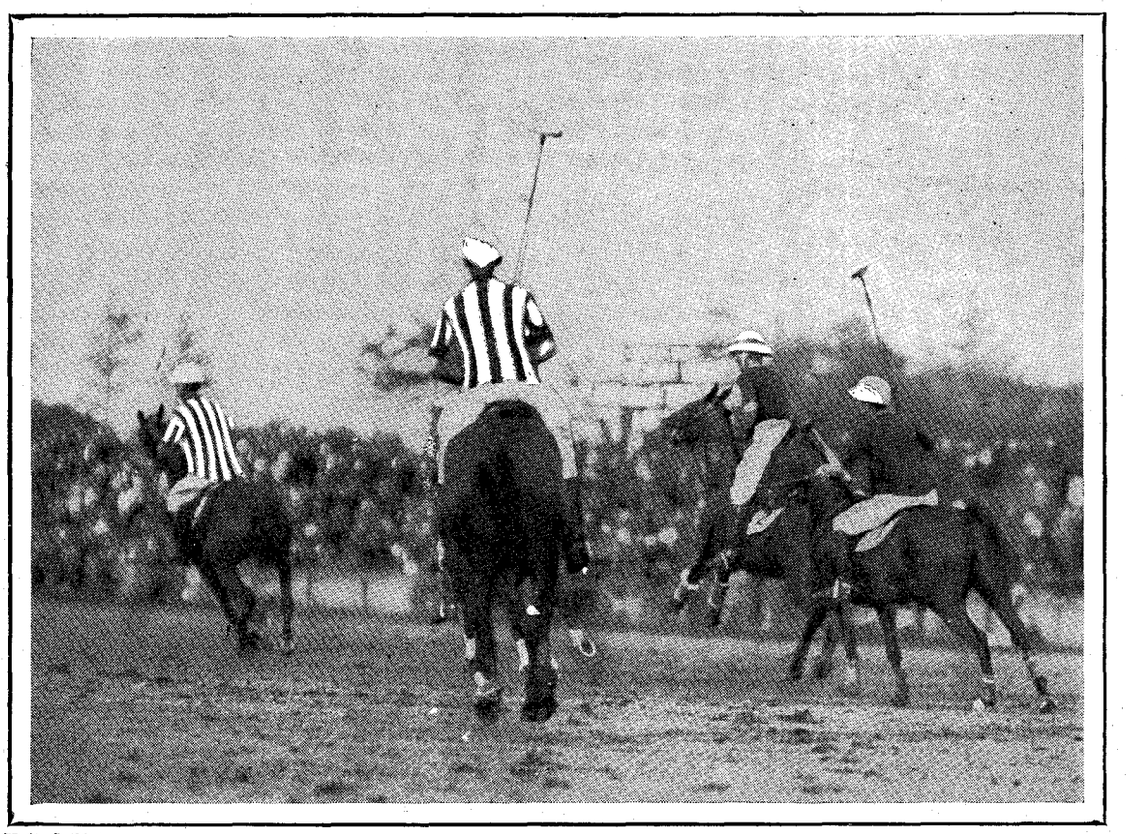
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH RACKET AND MALLET



United Pictures

WILLIAM T. TILDEN 2D, WINNER OF THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, DEFEATING WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON, RUNNER-UP FOR THE TITLE



United Pictures

THE MEADOWBROOK POLO TEAM (AMERICAN) WINNING OVER THE HURLINGHAM TEAM (BRITISH) AT WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND (AMERICANS AT LEFT)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK TABLE

EDWARD ENCOUNTERS THE CLASSICS

BY JULIA HOUSTON RAILEY

"BUT, Edward," I said in dismay, "don't you *like* it?"

"It" was the beautiful Louis Rhead edition of the "Swiss Family Robinson." I had caught him yawning over the pages of this beloved yarn of my youth.

Edward favored me with a bored glance. "Aw, it's too darned religious! Every time you turn a page they're down on their knees thankin' God for a coupla oysters."

Whereupon, having delivered sentence, he banged out of the house, and I heard him go whistling noisily down the ragged slope of the apple orchard to the brook.

I studied him somberly from the window. He was across the brook now, swinging from a tree by—I don't suppose it was really his tail, but the effect was simian. He had on those bell-shaped short pants known as flappers, of a sickly buff shade that had once been khaki, and they flapped backwards, most of him being upside down, revealing the only evidence, in the shape of two light-hued thighs, that he was both human and Caucasian. The color of his lithe arms and legs was burnt sienna, and from the waist up he was dark green. At least he appeared so from a distance. A piercing scrutiny could detect the presence of his cuticle-like, sleeveless green jersey that adhered. Sounds came from Edward—spasmodic yodelings addressed to the world, more than carrying to my observation post in the bungalow. There were echoes from the close-environing blue Catskills.

I sighed. He was like this practically all the time now. A friend had said something platitudinous and soothing yesterday about "boy nature," and I'd all but wailed: "He's *not* just 'boy'! Edward's a—an ape boy! He's plain savage. He goes through this house like a hard wind. The only time he's ever even human is when he's asleep. He's perfectly awful—Edward." I had leaned back with the closed eyes of exhaustion, opening them to add scrupulously, "I think he has a mind."

But the callous friend only laughed, and suggested reading as a sedative.

"Reading!" Edward *read!* "The Swiss Family Robinson" eyed me sympathetically from the table. For many minutes I stood at that window, at hard labor. I was thinking. And things were happening to my conventionalized, parentalized point of view. It occurred to me, first, that I really knew very little about the inside of the head of my son, aged thirteen, out there. School, summer camps, and the absorptions of the profession of fiction writing had in late years done their work of spiritual alienation, unapparent even to Edward and me. It further occurred to me that I knew many mothers in like case and unconsciousness; also, that this state of affairs was quite wrong. Between revolt and resolve the great experiment generated then and there. It took me a year—a rather thrilling year of exploration in a perfectly uncharted wild—to record results. The year began in the next ten minutes, when, to be specific, strolling casually down, I reached the edge of the brook.

"Hullo!" Edward accosted me suspiciously, fearing errands, as I approached his fastness.

"I just came down," I explained, obscurely.

He stared. Then his shoulders dumped off all responsibility for my eccentricities as a parent.

I was also staring, from a brand-new angle of impersonality, at him. Truth compelled me to admit that he didn't *look* like an ape boy—slim, with delicate, contemptuous brows in a long, brown face, and wide-pupiled, startled dark eyes that would tempt even a despiser of Victorian verse to call them violet. He and the leaves quivered with the sap of life in them.

Inquiries in regard to the quality of the fishing to-day seemed somehow indicated by the civilities. It was a mistake. The fish were all "nasty little weeny ones," under six inches, and you had to throw 'em back. Silence lengthened. Suddenly he brightened into downright cordiality.

"Wanta see me catch one in my hands?"

I did. We went stumbling over rocks and roots far up the brook, its icy mountain breath rising above heaped, disorderly gray boulders, choking it into black pools. Over one of these we bent presently, not breathing upon the dark mirror, and, behold! it wasn't black so near, but crystal, mosaicked with mossed stones, icy pure.

There was a "tck" of warning from Edward, sprawled belly-wise in the sun beside me. Under my face a leisurely sable shadow floated, sculled, and was still—

Whish! A mad scattering of water drops, a freezing shock of them in my face, and wild yells of triumph in the air. The brook trout, portly, full of years and inches, thrashed undignifiedly in the clutch of a wet, exultant small boy.

Edward was for building a fire and eating him forthwith. The illegality of the catch by hand would be salt enough, and he had matches. "Oh, let's!"

I temporized, compromised; the fish went back, and we built the fire, out of damp, rotting twigs, with that kind of genius which consists in taking infinite pains. And by that time blue shadows were seeping stealthily between the dimming pine trunks. Creepy twilight it was, sun dropped behind Panther, rearing black and awesome to the sky beyond our glade.

Mind still on ape boys, I thought down a few eons and stuck musing in the fens and bogs where this Anglo-Saxon race began; where horror rose from the night marshes like a miasma to daunt heroes and nameless monsters stalked the man trails. We—you and I—smile at our folly when we give one of those quick, involuntary glances over our shoulders into following darkness where nothing is. But it isn't folly, of course. It's more like instinct, that deep-rooted, ancestral fear of the dark. It was why Edward and I shivered in very close proximity as I told him "Beowulf," with an eye of sophistication on the stage effects, I must confess. The fire—ours and that other in Hrothgar's hall—fell into charred embers as Beowulf's companions, one by one, nodded and slept on their shields, only he awake, grim with waiting, eyes on the dim, unbolted panel that was the door.

Then—that stealthy crunch, crunch, on the loose sea pebbles outside, light for the Thing that made it, and, where blackness was just now, that slowly, ominously widening strip of stars, the Shape blotting them as the Creature fumbled at the hasp—

A leap, and Beowulf is at Grendel's throat. There are shrieks of dazed men, brands flare and weapons clang as the tumult of awakening is on them. Blood is in Beowulf's eyes and roaring in his ears as that huge misshapen arm yields to his hacking. But—you know the rest. Edward didn't, to my shame be it said.

At the door of the bungalow he remarked, thoughtfully, "I'd like to read that thing, too, mom."

"Let's get us a whole lot of new books from my city library association, this summer," I offered, elated at drawing first blood. He looked politely annoyed at this superfluity, but merely shrugged again.

The books arrived—the fruit of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rather painstaking investigation and study on my part.

I discovered one cardinal principle early: Never play up a book in advance to any child. It is an irritant whose instant and natural response is skepticism.

After a few false starts we tackled the cave men, the proper beginning for our year. But, alas! Dopp, with her accurate, faintly fictionized "Early" and "Later Cave Men" and "Tree Dwellers," brushed Edward's boredom but lightly, only half read or listened to. Nothing mental had ever in all his life interested this young pagan. The whole problem was not to instruct but to arrest. Literature whose primary purpose was to inform quite begged this question.

As in the childhood of the race, it was easier for him to listen to the minstrel, the tale-teller, who shaded by gradations into the reader, than it was to read. The art of reading came later with Edward, too. An immense and nervous impatience with the exactions of the written word and its concomitant concentration possessed him with a devil of fidgeting at first. Only the strong counter-pull of a story with backbone held him—sat him down hard, so to speak, by the collar. George Langford's "Pic, the Weapon Maker" and "Kutnar, Son of Pic," neither book in the least remarkable, did this, the while furnishing him with the complete, if unconscious, instruction desired as to the habits and customs of cave men, mammoths, and rhinoceroses, with surprising facility in the use of the English language. It's quite all right for beasts to talk and for one man to stand off fifty—if they only do it plausibly. Exactitudes make no dint on a child's cerebral substance. The facts be blowed—"This is *good*, boy!"

What is it Aristotle, the great stylist, set down: Better an impossible probability than a possible improbability? Something like that. At any rate, it's right. I refer you to Edward.

Most of the classics of juvenalia fared well at my son's hands. Chronological order in reading was impossible; too many veers and tacks of mood on his part and occasionally on mine. Roughly, however, in that summer and winter, in town, I followed, collaterally, with him the historical sequences of a most excellent little European history, extending in period to the American Revolution, which he took up that session. Epic, saga, myth, legend, folk-lore, historical tale, and "classic"—he read them with delight. Our list had addenda of a few science books, many animal stories, and those popular children's favorites not rooted in any especial soil or age. Moreover, from first to last, blood transfusion took place. Let him who doubts this and suspects a superficial cram experiment with the saturation point in children.

It was in Greece that Edward first struck bed-rock. Limply, and with a foolish stubbornness, the product of a too rigid adult mind bent on bending, I had been trying, after the cave men, to get some general historical introductions into him. Information again. He'd have none of it.

I, perforce, forsook generalities and concentrated on the Greeks. Parenthetically, it had better be stated here that always this literary "concentration" of mine had to be, so far as Edward was concerned, hit or miss, half cajoling, altogether careless-seeming, catch-as-catch-can in the interludes of the real business of life—play; in the lassitude of twilight and lamplight, the necessities of bedtime, in the heat of noon, the stagnation of Sundays, and illnesses. Except—oh, golden exception!—when the fire of some man's dream licked around Edward and crackled in his brain, so that he went dazed and sleep-walking a while in his familiar small universe. For "he had a mind," truly, had Edward, my "ape boy," waiting a tardy spark. Taste and discrimination, now the pride of his local librarian, were latent. He was as Edward Yeomans says all our children are—like pistillate flowers shivering for the pollen which shall fertilize. In Greece he found it.

Hawthorne he knew already and more than liked. The "Children's Plutarch" failed to register; ditto some Greek myths, delightfully told things. A bit discouraged, I handed him A. J. Church's "Iliad" one day, and ah, my friend Keats, how Edward, too, did find his Chapman "loud and bold"! The sonnet in which he announced his discovery was briefer than most:

"This," said he decisively, glancing up from a couch, "is a swell book."

Even before the Homeric influence set in, Edward's stock query about each new book had been, "Any fightin' in it?" Gore was his meat and drink. Flushed, with the fever of battle in his eye, and chuckles of excitement breaking from him, he would whip over the pages of the "Iliad," of Howard Pyle's Arthurian series, of a retold "Hereward the Wake," gloating, exulting, as men fell "by scores" under the blows of ax and lance and sword. "Oh, boy!"

Is it innate bellicosity or merely an aspect of a boy's tremendous urge for action? For there must be with such a one no subjectivity—no self-consciousness. Objectivity—action! The swish of waves, the clatter of shields, the thunder of flying hoofs—Tristram leaping to horse, Robin Hood grimly fitting his gray-goose shaft, Richard on the march, Olaf astride his deck—*Let's go!*

From Homer to Hawes's "Mutineers" the blood bond held. An instance, which is also a milestone of Edward's progress in the art of reading: One January night, late (we were in the city, then, my room opposite Edward's), after I had been in bed some time, I heard queer noises, scufflings, across the hall where sleep should have reigned these many hours. I lay still a minute to listen, and in the pause appeared a solemn, small apparition in my doorway, barefoot, with a tiny red candle in its hands, and gory stains upon its pajamas that made me sit up with an exclamation. But—"I've been a naughty boy," my little white ghost with the enormous eyes was reporting. "Come look." He led me by the hand across the cold corridor. More alarming red stains were all over his pillow and bedclothes. A murderous effect. Burned ends of Christmas candles, their proper abode the closet shelf, strewed the rug. A copy of the "Champions of the Round Table," by Howard Pyle, lay face down on the bed, open at the tournament of "King Bagdemagus and the King of North Wales." There were no stains on it.

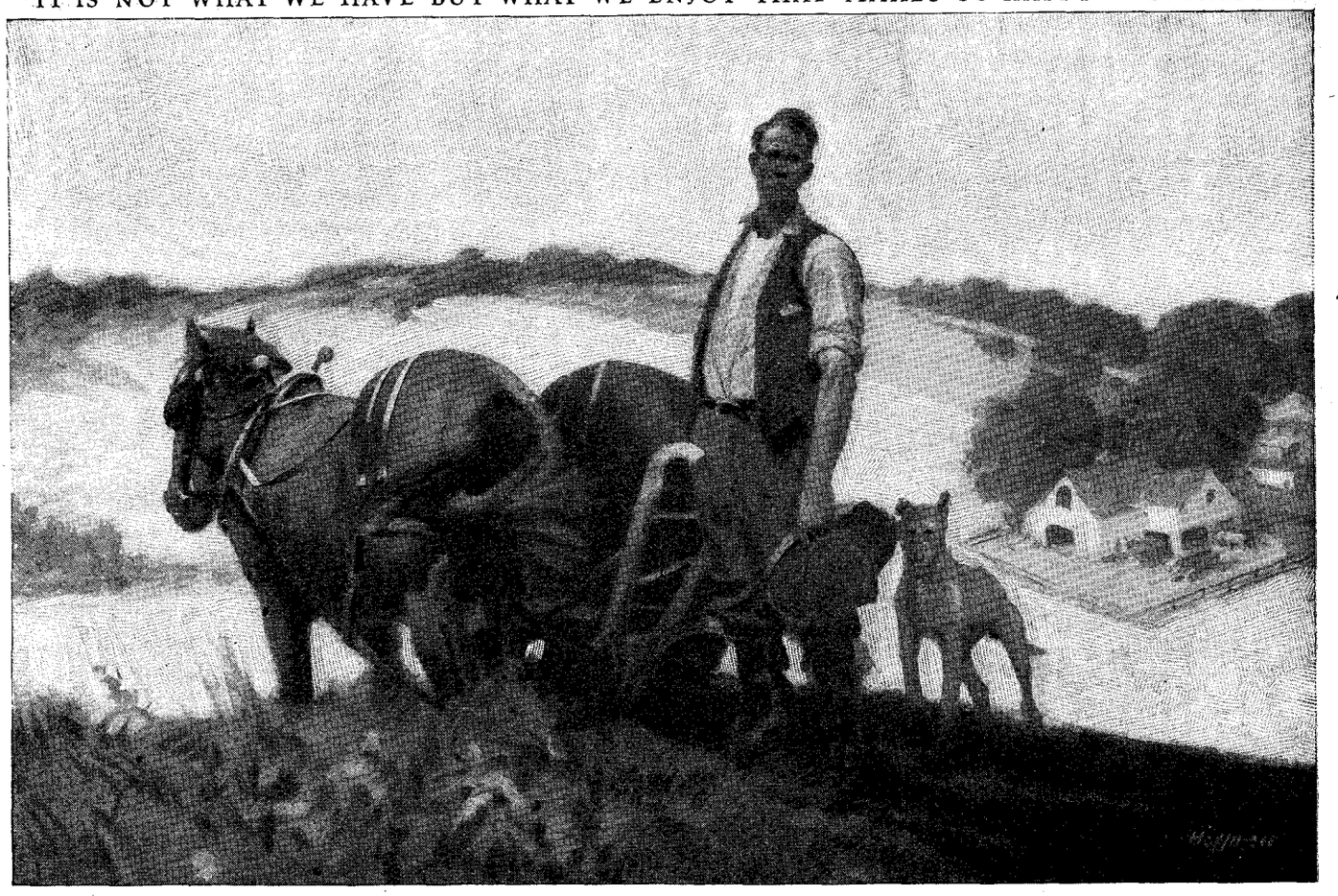
"I just had to know how that tournament came out," the culprit defended. "I been lyin' here for hours thinkin' 'bout it and wondering what Launcelot did. I was scared to turn on my light, 'cause you're right across and your door was open. You just turned out yours. And my candles are all gone now, and look at this mess, and will you read it to me?"

Must I tell what I did?

Anent the point of my participation in this reading course, I am reminded of a remark of W. H. Hudson's, in his postscript to "A Little Boy Lost," that grown-ups "don't read children's books." If he was right, what a pity! Because adults do *not* currently read epic, saga, myth, legend, and folk-lore for amusement. And modern children do, in renditions gorgeous and colorful, both as to subject-matter and illustration. Children's books nowadays are examples of a high and special art, graphic and pictorial master works of master craftsmen in a new guild. And the pictures flare like torches to illumine the print pictures. For the illustrators—Pyle and Pogány, Rhead, Wyeth, and Schoonover, Rackham, Parrish, and Du Lac—splash magic all over the pages that boys and girls dream upon under the lamp; magic of top-heavy galleons, with silver for ballast, awash in the roaring forties; of still, pale goddesses in Asgard plucking apples golden as their misty hair; drollery of little waggish gnomes peering from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"IT IS NOT WHAT WE HAVE BUT WHAT WE ENJOY THAT MAKES US HAPPY"—*SPURGEON*



LAND OF BETTER FARMS

SOMEWHERE on a farm "back east" he occupied himself with plowing and sowing, with crops and seed and fertilizers—but he never lost from sight the other things:

The things that make life worth the living; that still the lure of the city in the farm boy's breast; that make a woman sing about her work.

He looked beyond the fences of his fields—at life. And when he saw the opportunity to share in it more richly, he seized it. He journeyed to the land that promised *more*.

And there, in the Pacific Northwest, you will find him everywhere today—the type of all the men who live upon its farms.

* * *

The men and women who have come to the Pacific Northwest in search of a better farm life have found all things propitious.

First, soil of marvelous fertility; soil that, both irrigated and non-irrigated, produces high yields for all crops grown. Land, moreover, so diversified as to be adapted to practically every type of farming and every crop grown in the United States.

Second, a rare climate and a wonderland of inspiring natural beauty that together bring health and a joy in living—a zest for work and enthusiasm for play. These two things the farm folks of the Pacific Northwest have found awaiting them. With the spirit that brought them West they have added the other things.

They have developed high-producing acres, stock, poultry, crops, trees. They have built up an unusually efficient scientific research service. They have constructed roads, schools, universities, churches—always with the thought of improving on those they had known.

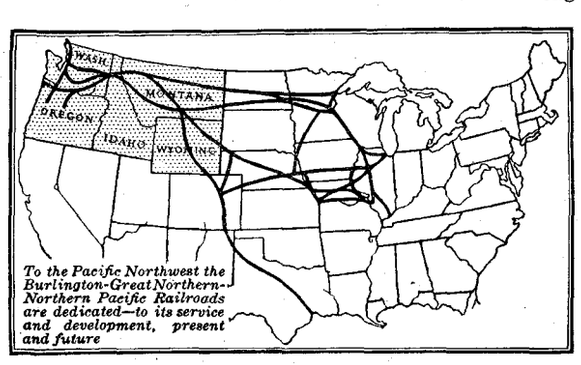
They have built themselves the kind of homes they once dreamed about. For themselves and their children they have made available the leisure, the amusements, the luxuries and the educational advantages that mean so much.

* * *

The people upon the Pacific Northwest's 232,000 farms have learned the difference between *living to farm* and *farming to live*. And what nature has provided for them, together with what they have built for themselves, they are ready to share with others.

There is room for thousands more today—for millions. There is room for *you*. Land is plentiful and to be had at reasonable prices.

Whatever type of farming you have been engaged in, whatever type you wish to undertake—investigate the opportunities of the Pacific Northwest. See it for yourself, if possible. Let us put you in touch with reliable sources of information.



To the Pacific Northwest the Burlington-Great Northern-Northern Pacific Railroads are dedicated—to its service and development, present and future

Write for interesting booklet, "The Land of Better Farms"

Address: P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

The PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Great Northern Ry.
The Northern Pacific Ry.

The Land of Opportunity

Burlington Route

© 1923, C. B. & Q. R. R.
G. N. Ry., N. P. Ry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reg. Trade Mark

McCutcheon's

"The Greatest Treasure House of Linens in America"

Department No. 35

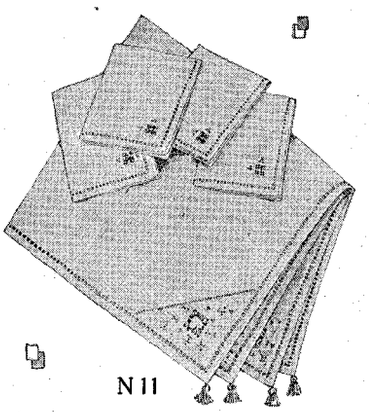
Fifth Avenue, 34th & 33d Sts., N. Y.

Lovely Linens from Fifth Avenue

WHEREVER you live you may have these charming things to grace your home. McCutcheon Linens will go to you by mail, as painstakingly selected and as carefully packed as though you had purchased them in person.

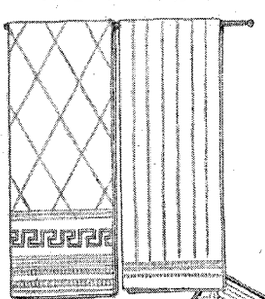
N11—The smart card party sets its refreshment table in this Italian Cloth which devotes one corner to a spade, another to a club, and so on. Four Napkins follow suit. The hand-work is in heavy corded manner; the Linen of a rich natural hue. The cloth is 35" square and the napkins are 14" square.

$17.50 the set



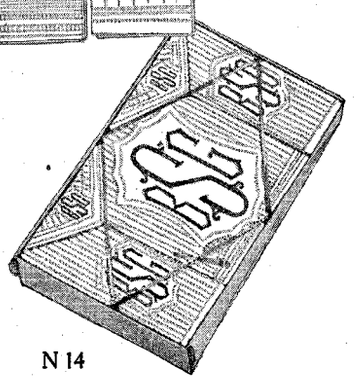
N11

N 12 N 13



N12—Irish Linen Towels of superb quality. The bordered design, size 15 x 24", **$12.00** a doz.; 18 x 32", **$16.50**; 24 x 40", **$24.00.**

N13—The plain striped pattern, size 15 x 24", **$13.50** a doz.; 18 x 32", **$18.00**· 22 x 38", **$22.50.**



N 14

N14—Martex Bath Mat, 2 Bath Towels, and 2 Wash Cloths, monogrammed in Blue, Pink, Helio, or Gold. Very distinctive.

$10.00 the set

MAIL ORDERS

Your mail order for any merchandise shown in this advertisement will receive immediate and painstaking attention.

THE BOOK TABLE (*Continued*)

behind willow roots and jovial, round-bellied Kaliphs, with naked and red-turbaned black boys waving fans; glamour of blue, classic seas, of Caribbean pirate coasts, and blood on sand.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

FAN. By Henry Harford (W. H. Hudson). E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

The wide interest in the late W. H. Hudson's writings makes it worth while to reproduce this, his only novel, which first appeared about thirty years ago. Hudson had a warm human side and was the opposite of a cut-and-dried scientist. Many of his sketches are semi-fictional or autobiographical. It is not surprising to find here that he cares more for his characters than for plot and incident and that he is not an adept in dialogue as he is in description.

ISLAND OF DESTINY. By Arthur J. Rees. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

A mystery story which might have been told better in half the space. The plot is "gripping" enough in itself, but it is smothered by highflown emotionalism.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

LIFE ON A MEDIAEVAL BARONY. By William Stearns Davis. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.50.

In this fascinating, semi-fictitious narrative Professor Davis reconstructs and vivifies for the modern reader the actual daily life of the feudal ages. To make the picture definite he has chosen the specific year A.D. 1220, and he places his imaginary barony in Northern France. The author's early works of fiction relating to ancient times long ago proved his ability to deal romantically and dramatically with such material. Every little detail of the life of the time is brought out saliently—furniture, domestic habits, the manner of dressing, the soldier's equipment, practices of chivalry, and numerous other details. The whole is made graphic by the large number of drawings, which have been for the most part taken from ancient manuscripts.

MEXICAN NATION (THE). By Herbert Priestly. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

Dr. Priestly is in every way competent to deal with his subject, the more so that he has been associate professor of Mexican history in the University of California. He endeavors here to counteract what he calls the characteristic attitude of Americans toward Mexico—that is, "one of ignorant good will combined with skepticism concerning the value of her culture and the solidity of her political institutions." This historical narrative extends from the early exploration of Yucatan in 1518 down to the administration of Carranza and the advent of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Obregon to power. The book is written with clearness and a good sense of proportion, as well as with a noteworthy desire to be fair and just in distributing praise and blame to the Mexican political and military personages of the country's hectic historical record.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

SEEING THE MIDDLE WEST. By John T. Faris. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

The picturesque features of the Middle West, including Minnesota on the north, Oklahoma on the south, Ohio on the east, and Kansas on the west, are comprehensively and enthusiastically "boosted" in this readable and well-illustrated book. It will enlighten many readers who have thought of the region described as flat and unprofitable to the sightseer.

SPELL OF PROVENCE (THE). By André Hallays. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

The people and the towns of Provence have a rare attraction both for stay-at-home travelers and for tourists, and these classes will alike find excellent entertainment in this sprightly book, written with the full knowledge and the keen interest of a Frenchman who loves his Provence as only a Frenchman can. The numerous illustrations are somewhat miscellaneous in character; a happier coordination of treatment would have been desirable.

UNTRODDEN WAYS. By H. J. Massingham. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.

These pleasant talks are, as the author puts it in his sub-title, "Adventures on English Coasts, Heaths and Marshes, and also among the works of Hudson, Crabbe, and other country writers."

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

ALAS, THAT SPRING. By *Elinor Mordaunt.* Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.

COME HOME. By Stella G. S. Perry. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

QUEST. By Miles Lanier Colean. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

LADY ROSE WEIGALL. By Rachel Weigall. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

VEILED EMPRESS (THE). By Benjamin A. Morton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

LABOR'S MONEY. By *Richard Boeckel.* Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.50.

TURKEY, THE GREAT POWERS, AND THE BAGDAD RAILWAY. By Edward M. Earle. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

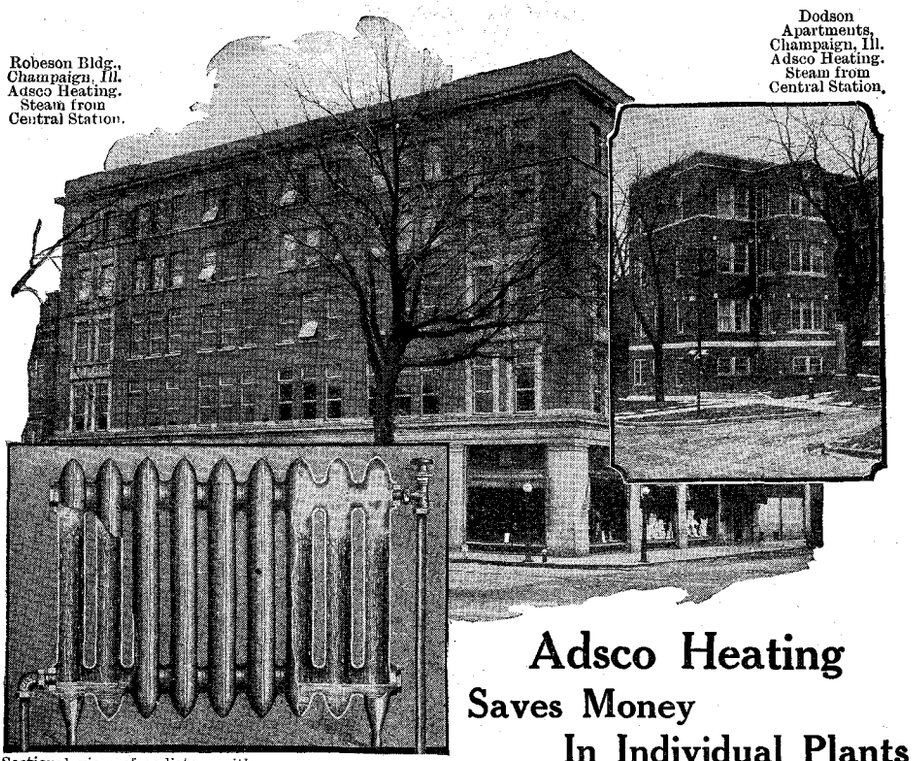
BIBLE STORIES. By Sarah E. Dawes. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

BODY AND SOUL. By Percy Dearmer. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

MODERN SWEDISH MASTERPIECES. Translated by Charles W. Stork. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

VOLTAIRE, ZADIG, AND OTHER ROMANCES. Translated by H. I. Woolf. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

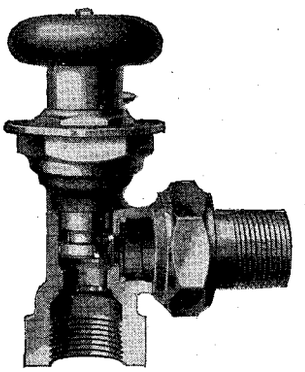


Robeson Bldg., Champaign, Ill. Adsco Heating. Steam from Central Station.

Dodson Apartments, Champaign, Ill. Adsco Heating. Steam from Central Station.

Sectional view of radiator, with Adsco Valve open about a quarter. Note steam at top, condensate flowing down inner walls.

Adsco Heating
Saves Money In Individual Plants As Well As in Community Heating



Adsco Graduated Radiator Valve, Hand Wheel Type, with part cut away to show graduated insert whereby this valve can be used with any size radiator from 20 to 200 sq. ft.

In many buildings which purchase steam from a central plant, the Adsco System of Atmospheric Steam Heating has been installed to replace other systems that used steam wastefully.

This combination of steam from a Central plant, distributed throughout the building by the Adsco System, has proved to be most economical and comfortable.

The next best combination is this same Adsco System of Atmospheric Steam Heating in a building using individual boiler supply.

Throughout the system, steam is held at a constant pressure of a few ounces. It is admitted to each radiator by an Adsco Graduated Packless Radiator Valve in the manner illustrated, which permits definite control of heat used. None need be wasted.

With the Adsco Valve "full open," steam fills about eighty per cent of the radiator at top, the lower portion assists in extracting all heat from the steam before condensate returns to the boiler cooled.

Residence of D. A. Phillippee, Champaign, Ill., heated by steam from power plant 4,309 feet away.

Write to-day for illustrated Bulletin No. 158–O, describing how Adsco Heating saves coal. Also ask for Bulletin No. 20–O which gives the experience, including cost and profits of Community Heating in different cities. If you have an unused steam plant or quantity of surplus steam, give us data.

AMERICAN DISTRICT STEAM COMPANY
GENERAL OFFICES AND WORKS
NORTH TONAWANDA, N.Y.
OFFICES:
New York Chicago Seattle St. Paul Philadelphia Pittsburgh

ADSCO HEATING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, sixty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Address:

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Tours and Travel

WINTER ON THE NILE

Sailings: Jan. 5, 16, Feb. 23 and March 6, 1924. Our booklet, "To the Land of Tut-Ankh-Amen," gives fascinating details of these leisurely, luxurious tours to Egypt and Palestine.

THE TEMPLE TOURS

65-A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to

JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information

Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5-6 in cities and popular resorts, $4-5 in the country

WINTER TOURS TO EGYPT

Holy Land, Turkey, Sicily, Greece, Italy, and North Africa

Sailings from New York
Jan. 5, 16, and Feb. 23
Japan & China, Sailing March 20

Write for details:
BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd Street Newton, Mass.

Earn Your EUROPEAN TOUR all or part, by assisting in organizing parties. Eight countries, $745. Address
MENTOR TOURS, 53 W. Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO

MEDITERRANEAN

Cruise and Tour de Luxe

S. S. ADRIATIC—Feb. 23—83 days

Small select party under expert leadership—an "all expense" cruise and tour—no extras—all details of trip managed for traveler—exceptionally extensive itinerary including side trips that on many tours are at additional expense. Route—New York to Madeira, Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Italian Lakes, Switzerland, France and England.

Write for detailed circular.

FRANCO-BELGIQUE TOURS CO., Ltd.
(American Company)
157 West 42d St., New York
London Paris Brussels Rome

FOREIGN TRAVEL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

February 2 to June 13, 1924

Harmonizes travel and study. Rome, Florence, Paris, London. References required. Price includes travel, chaperonage, instruction in language, literature, art and history. Write for prospectus to Miss J. B. HERBERT, Director, 137-A Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tours and Travel

FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS, 136 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.

Hotels and Resorts

CALIFORNIA

San Ysidro Ranch

Furnished bungalows of various sizes; situated on the foothills among the orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Good tennis court. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address MANAGER, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara.

CONNECTICUT

Sharon, Conn., THE BARTRAM INN Situated in pleasant village 2½ hrs. from N. Y. Designed for winter comfort; steam heat, open fires, glass enclosed piazza facing South, private baths, excellent table. All winter sports

MASSACHUSETTS

Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15-$25 a week.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Wentworth

59 West 46th Street
New York City

Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping and theater district. A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.

The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.

The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.

GEORGE A. LEONARD, Manager.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

Hotel Hargrave

West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York

300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

Hotel Webster

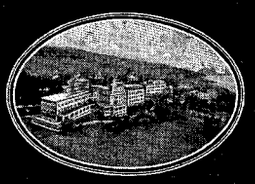
(Near 5th Avenue)
40 West 45th Street
NEW YORK

Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost. Special summer rates. Rates and map gladly sent upon request.

NEW YORK

FENTON HOUSE and COTTAGES Adirondacks
Altitude 1,571 ft. A noted place for health and rest. Write for folder and particulars. C. FENTON PARKER, Number Four, N. Y.

Health Resorts



THE GLEN SPRINGS

WATKINS GLEN, N. Y.
ON SENECA LAKE
Wm. E. Leffingwell, President

A Mineral Springs Health Resort and Hotel. The Pioneer American "Cure" for heart disorders.
Sporty Golf Course

VAN VALEN SANATORIUM
YONKERS, N. Y.
Psycho-Therapeutic Treatment. Booklet.

Country Board

RETIRED GRADUATE NURSES, married couple, can give to nervous patient or semi-invalid a most comfortable home and best of everything. Situated in suburb of **ROANOKE, VA.** An excellent view of **Blue Ridge Mountains.** 445, Outlook.

Board and room in comfortable farm-house for one or two people who wish quiet or who enjoy **Vermont** out of doors in autumn. 379, Outlook.

Live Stock

MUST BE SOLD

regardless of cost

500 Pure Blooded Silver Foxes

They are from the Prince Edward Island strain and few are prize winners. Will sell at $100 each as am unable to take care of them.

WILLIAM LAWSON
Gen. Del. Syracuse, N. Y.

Real Estate

MAINE

MME. EMMA EAMES

Offers For Sale Her Private Residence in

BATH, MAINE

This estate comprises mansion house of three stories, fine example of old New England architecture, situated within city limits of Bath, overlooking beautiful Kennebec River. House is located in grounds of about ¾ acres in extent, adorned with shrubbery and shaded by fine old trees; commodious garage in rear. House contains eighteen rooms and four baths, besides pantries, closets, toilets, etc., and in every respect, including plumbing and heating, is in perfect condition. Ideal not only as summer residence, but as permanent home, combining pleasures of country retirement with the conveniences arising from its location in a small Maine city. Owing to its size and interior arrangement, and the ground space available for additions, it would be admirably adapted for a select boarding-school, or for an inn catering to the best class of automobile tourists in the summer and operated as a private family hotel during the winter. This magnificent estate comes on the market on account of Mme. Eames's approaching removal to Paris. For further information apply to
WALTER S. GILDDEN, 13 Center St., Bath, Me.

VIRGINIA

For Rent or Sale Exceptional opportunity to try farming at small expense. Residence, including 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, electric lighting. 150 acres, horses, sheep, machinery. On salt water, **Gloucester Co., Va.,** in residential section. Oyster shore. Details and price on request. S. C. Wolcott, Nuttall, Va.

Apartments

WANTED BY TWO LADIES, a furnished apartment in New York, moderate price, December to April, two or three rooms and kitchenette, preferably between 35th and 90th Sts., East, occupied by cultured people. 437, Outlook.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES MANUSCRIPTS

SEND TODAY for free sample copy of WRITER'S DIGEST, America's greatest magazine for writers. Filled with practical articles by leading writers. Will help you write and sell stories, photoplays, songs, etc. 688 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

THE "Master Key" for success. $2.50 Phipps, 1014 Belmont, Chicago.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers Miss Richards' Bureau, Box 5, East Side, Providence.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, attendants. Supplies families, schools, institutions.

TEACHERS WANTED—Immediate vacancies for college graduates, all departments, colleges and high schools. Special terms. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Bldg., New Orleans, La.

FOR THE HOME

HONEY. Delicious new honey direct from producer. Five pounds, $1.15; ten pounds, $2.10. New buckwheat honey, five pounds, $1.00; ten pounds, $1.80. Postpaid in Zones 2 and 3. Herbert A. McCallum, Great Barrington, Mass.

STATIONERY

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for any type of correspondence. 200 sheets high grade note paper and 100 enveiopes printed with your name and address postpaid $1.50. Samples on request. Lewis, 284 Second Ave., Troy, N. Y.

PRINTED STATIONERY—200 sheets, 100 envelopes, $1.50 on good grade bond paper. Printed in text or Gothicletters or monogram; state which. Workmanship guaranteed. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite 5842, Washington, D. C.

EARN money selling Christmas cards. Samples, fifty cents. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GOVERNESS or mother's helper, at Summit, N. J., to assist in care of boy 10 and girl 6, and in the management of servants and household. Position permanent. 4,223, Outlook.

MOTHER'S companion helper to take entire charge of one-year-old infant. Cheerful woman, over thirty, wishing permanent pleasant home in New York with adequate compensation, write full details to 4,284, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined, educated girl or woman as mother's helper in family of young children. Maid employed. Address Myers, 257 Laurel St., Hartford, Conn.

WANTED, October 1, mother's helper in family with three children. Thirty miles from New York. Other help kept. 4,296, Outlook.

COMPANION—Vigorous, intelligent, cultured young woman who has had some experience in nursing. Requirements—Protestant, great adaptability, cheerfulness, reads aloud well, enjoys walking. 4,297, Outlook.

WANTED — Mother's helper, young woman. Children aged nine, six, two and one-half. Mrs. Lester Collins, Moorestown, N. J.

WANTED—Working housekeeper for widower with child five years old. Must be a lady and middle-aged. Small, modern, convenient house in Long Island village. Plain, economical cooking, neatness and order expected. No laundry work. References required. Please write, stating age, qualifications and compensation desired, to 4,311, Outlook.

WANTED—Intelligent young woman who can drive Studebaker car, will help with housework in attractive country home. Family of two adults. Address Box 457, New Canaan, Conn.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESS, mother's helper—Young woman of refinement 30-35 years of age, Protestant, for two little girls, seven and eight years. Winter, Montclair, N. J.; summer, Orange Co., N. Y. References. Salary $90. 4,300, Outlook.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAIL BAG

MAYAN RESEARCH

I—A CRITICISM

ONE can always understand loyalty even when it plays the favorite against the world, but Willis Fletcher Johnson, in his "Pioneers of Mayan Research," in The Outlook of July 25, goes much too far. He gives an entirely false picture of the relation of Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon and Mrs. Alice Dixon Le Plongeon to the development of Mayan research, and he gives an entirely false picture of the present status of studies in this field when he says: "Yet to-day all the revelations which they then made and which were ridiculed and rejected are completely verified."

There is no desire on my part to deny in the slightest degree the hardships and self-sacrifice of Dr. Le Plongeon and his wife in their long years in Yucatan, but it is only fair to the science of archæology in America to state that theirs is not a case of tragic failure during life that has gained a delayed reward and recognition after death. They did undergo pains, privations, and failure, which is sometimes the fate of genius born too soon, but every such tale of misdirected efforts is not a tale of thwarted genius.

Far from being a benefit to Mayan researches, the writings of Dr. Le Plongeon have been the greatest handicap that young science could be asked to bear. His books, unfortunately, found a wide reading, and first and last they have resulted in the dissemination of much false information. They have appealed to the sense of untutored romance which lies in the minds of many readers, but, on the other hand, they have alienated the interest of intelligent persons by their fantastic and incredible theories.

The outlines of Mayan history have now been reliably drawn as a result of international competition between students, and, while there is not complete agreement on all things, yet there is no tendency among any group of scholars to accept the leading hypotheses of Le Plongeon to-day any more than in the past. One thing about Central America which has been determined with tolerable accuracy is chronology. The buildings and monuments at Chichen Itza, with which Le Plongeon was most concerned, are the latest works of art in the Mayan field, belonging to a period from 1200 to 1350 A.D. It is therefore absurd to suggest that the makers of these late monuments could in any way have been connected with the beginnings of

Egypt *and the* Mediterranean

The mystery of Egypt, the color of Madeira, the loveliness of Italy, the whirl of Monte-Carlo! All part of one glorious voyage!

The White Star liner *Adriatic*—January 5, February 23. The Red Star liner *Lapland*—January 16, March 5.

West Indies

Havana, Jamaica, the Panama Canal, Hayti, Cartagena—glamorous names—interesting places. Time to see and enjoy them on a cruise of twenty-nine happy days.

The White Star liner *Megantic*—specially constructed for cruising—January 23, February 26.

All Sailings from New York

For complete itineraries and detailed information, please enquire at No. 1 Broadway, New York City, or any authorized steamship agent.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARY or companion—Young woman, college graduate, secretarial training and experience, desires position with person going on world tour. 4,298, Outlook.

SECRETARY-stenographer, refined, experienced, desires to work for one man. References. 4,308, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN, experienced, competent to manage gentleman's establishment, chaperon young people, or position as companion or hostess. Would travel. Credentials. 4,288, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper private family, widower, or institution. Companion for young girl or young mother traveling. 4,294, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires position as managing housekeeper. Experienced. Best references. 4,299, Outlook.

NURSE—American. One child. References. 4,302, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, highly educated, pleasing personality, world-wide travel experience, would act as companion for winter in California. Expenses only asked. Address 4,305, Outlook.

COMPANION to invalid or elderly person, by middle-aged man exceptionally qualified by temperament and experience. Educated, traveled, capable secretary. Go anywhere. Reasonable compensation. 4,272, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER or assistant matron. Institution. Canadian. 4,326, Outlook.

COMPANION, experienced, wishes children join morning, afternoon playgroup, Brooklyn or New York parks, daily or optional. 4,309, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires position as home companion or chaperon in vicinity of New York. Will travel. 4,317, Outlook.

REFINED, educated, middle-aged woman wishes employment. Would keep house for small family of adults. Qualified to teach lip-reading. 4,315, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse wishes resident position. Care of elderly couple or semi invalid. 4,314, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, experienced, seeks position—companion, housekeeper, housemother. Nursing knowledge, normal surroundings. Highest references. 4,319, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR-governess, Swiss, college graduate, desires position, family, school. English branches, languages, music. European travel. Highest references. 4,276, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

TUTORESS desires position. Progressive methods. Experienced. Harvard and European training. 4,321, Outlook.

TEACHING governess, linguist, capable household. Prefers motherless home. References. 4,318, Outlook.

TEACHER, graduate, experienced, desires to teach small group of children in school or home. French. Intelligent home care. Trustworthy. Excellent references. 4,320, Outlook.

GOVERNESS and mother's helper position desired by capable, educated woman. 4,322, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Antique mahogany furniture, Oriental rugs, ruby glass, oil painting by Loyal Field, convex mirror and other furnishings: No dealers. Telephone Plaza 4520, Apt. 6B. Seen by appointment only. 4,293, Outlook.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

LETTERS—Do you dislike to write them? I handle business and social correspondence for busy people at reasonable rates. The Scribe, 4,301, Outlook.

ADOPTION or free home for bright, attractive, lovable twin boys eleven years old. Apply 610 Elm Street, New Haven, Conn.

MOTHERLESS child may have excellent care in home of competent nurse, Stamford, Conn. Terms $25 per week. 4,310, Outlook.

LESSONS in English diction by EXPERT. 4,306, Outlook.

LECTURES ON ART—Illustrated with stereopticon slides, available for clubs, schools and study courses. Prepared by experts. Require only good reader, lantern and operator. May not be used for financial profit. Fee $5, plus transportation. Exhibitions of pictures also available. Fee $10 to $200. Address The American Federation of Arts, 1741 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

AUCTION BRIDGE teacher. Beginners and advanced pupils. 4,313, Outlook.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going to New York?

Here's Something Every Visitor to New York Should Have

Another Exclusive McAlpin Service

A REAL Rapid Transit Guide to Greater New York—a handy colored map showing all Subway, "L" and Surface Stations. Most complete and up-to-the-minute—an absolute necessity for the visitor to New York. Request it when making your reservation. It's yours, with our compliments. Ask for map O. M.

The McAlpin equipment, furnishing and cuisine are unsurpassed and our staff is eager to make your stay a pleasant experience. Let us know your requirements and we will see to it that you are exactly suited.

ARTHUR L. LEE, *Manager.*

"The Center of Convenience"

Broadway at 34th Street

Hotel McAlpin

IF YOU ARE DEAF

Or growing deaf and have head noises, don't neglect it! A host of people are to-day overjoyed as a result of a remarkable new kind of ear phone that enables them to hear perfectly not only human voices but the entire range of sounds. They are no longer lonely, unhappy, embarrassed. Thanks to a secret parchment-like diaphragm, the marvelous new tiny ear phone is inconspicuously helping them to communicate with others, and to clearly hear even the faintest musical sounds. Used and highly recommended by thousands of deaf people, to whom you can write. Here is one letter received recently:

"Your instruments have greatly improved my father's hearing. The head noises from which he suffered greatly have completely disappeared. Miss R. Hauptman, 1313 Washington Ave., New York City.

Free Pamphlet tells you all about the ear phone and about the special 10-day offer. Just mail a postal today, or if possible call for free office demonstration. Mears Ear Phone Company, Dept. 1210, 45 West 34th Street, New York City.

Egyptian civilization. There is a discrepancy of some five thousand years. To be sure, other buildings at Chichen Itza go back to somewhat earlier times, and in other parts of Central America there was a civilization which flourished from about the time of Christ to approximately 600 A.D. Perhaps the foundations of this civilization may have required a few centuries, but no person familiar with the materials would dare to assume that the beginnings of Mayan culture go back to a date before 500 or 600 B.C.

The archaic culture of the highlands of Mexico is an entirely different problem. It may go back three or four thousand years before Christ, but left no important products of art except clay figurines and simple remnants of household utensils.

In spite of the prosaic story of these early American cultures, the greater ones, of which the Maya are the leading example, must be classed among the most remarkable developments of human society, and their reaction upon our life of to-day is tremendous. From an economic point of view the civilization of the Maya is many times more important to America than that of Greece. The art of the Mayas and their intellectual developments in mathematics and astronomy have aroused the admiration and wonder of all persons who have examined the record. It is now possible to read dates and a considerable number of hieroglyphs in Mayan inscriptions, but as yet not a single personal name or name of a city has been deciphered. These undoubtedly exist, and it is the hope of Americanists that in the future the phonetic problems of Mayan hieroglyphs will be solved.

I do not wish here to accuse Dr. Le Plongeon of willful deception in his published writings, but I do think that it is impossible to escape the conclusion that he was mentally unbalanced and that his theories partook of the character of hallucinations. None of the persons mentioned by him in his romance of Queen Moo are on record in the digests of Mayan history which have come down to us, and these digests cover a range of thirteen centuries. To be sure, they do not give us a great number of chieftains' names. The Spanish priests in early days destroyed all the native records they could lay hands on, and only three of the ancient Mayan books have been preserved. Careful researches among the wilder groups of Indians have not resulted in the collection of any traditional history (although simple ceremonies have been found to persist), or shown that any living men possess the slightest knowledge of the ancient hieroglyphs.

Any one who has doubts concerning Dr. Le Plongeon's methods should read the passage in which he shows conclusively, according to the peculiar logic which pervades all his books, that the Greek alphabet is a Mayan hymn to the Sun God. The theory of lost Atlantis which he invokes has never been authenticated by any proofs which leading scientists have even considered worth while. As for his theories that Freemasonry existed among the American Indians, I can only say that the artistic record does not indicate the slightest cultural connection between the New World and the Old on a culture level higher than the Neolithic, before the discovery of America by Europeans.

HERBERT J. SPINDEN,
Peabody Museum of Harvard University.

II—A REPLY

IT is necessary to discriminate between facts and theories, between discoveries which are made and announced and inferences which may be drawn from them. I certainly did not say and did not mean to suggest that all of Dr. Le Plongeon's theories and hypotheses had been verified. What I did say was that "all the *revelations* which he then made, and which were ridiculed and rejected, are completely verified." By revelations I of course meant, as the context made perfectly plain, his reports of his discovery and exploration of the vast architectural and artistic remains of Chichenitza, Uxmal, and other places; reports which were accompanied with innumerable photographs, drawings, and plastic impressions of small carvings. It was these reports which were "ridiculed and rejected," even to the extent of suggesting that the drawings and impressions were spurious and imaginary, and that no such buildings and sculptures and mural paintings existed. It was these reports which I declared to be now completely verified. Indeed, Professor Spinden himself has verified them by his later researches in Yucatan.

It may be conceded that Dr. Le Plongeon, being denied the co-operation and counsel of his contemporaries in Mayan research and thus thrown back entirely upon his own resources, indulged in speculations and hypotheses which had no good foundation and which must now be recognized as fantastic. But that does not discredit the great and valuable field work which he performed, any more than—to cite a more illustrious example—the discoveries of Columbus were discredited by his belief that the Garden of Eden was situated in Venezuela and that the Orinoco was fed by the fountain which watered the Tree of Life! I am not aware that Dr. Le Plongeon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ought to identify Queen Moo with he "beginnings" of Egyptian civiliza- ion. But if he did, the fact shows nerely that Maya legends and folk ore have as little regard for chro- ology as those of other lands. Has nybody ever reconciled the five thou- and years discrepancy between Aris- otle and Firdusi concerning the date f Zoroaster? And yet Aristotle and 'irdusi are highly respectable au- horities—albeit the latter was a oet!

Dr. Le Plongeon may have been too maginative and romantic in his de- luctions and interpretations. But he lid a vast amount of pioneer research, he results of which have since been abundantly verified. The buildings, he sculptures, the hieroglyphs, which ie said were there, are there, and are ow commanding the earnest study of archæologists. To what extent his evelations, and even his romantic theories, contributed to the great de- velopment of interest in the Mayas which has occurred since his time is matter of opinion. But I can well re- member that when he made his first reports there was general incredulity as to there ever having been any such thing as Mayan civilization. The ear- lier works of Dupaix, Waldeck, Char- nay, Stephen, and Norman were largely forgotten or ignored, and the notion widely prevailed that the Az- tecs were the only ancient people of Mexico and Central America worthy of consideration. If, as Professor Spinden holds, Dr. Le Plongeon's writ- ings were misleading, at any rate they attracted attention to a neglected sub- ject and were followed by the syste- matic and scientific research which is now disclosing some of the greatest wonders of pre-Columbian America. That, it seems to me, was no small ser- vice to the world.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

"AND THE MORAL OF THAT IS"—NEVER LOSE AN OPPORTUNITY TO STEAL AN APPLE

I HAVE just finished the second reading of "Red Apples," in the issue for September 12. I read it the second time to make sure whether or no there was any evidence that Otto regretted stealing the apple. I found no evidence.

On reflection, why should he regret it? If his theft had not been discov- ered, he would have had one apple. His theft was discovered, and, there- fore, he got two apples.

What kind of a moral are Outlook readers expected to draw from that story, anyway?

P. H. KNIGHT.

Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.

TO EUROPE

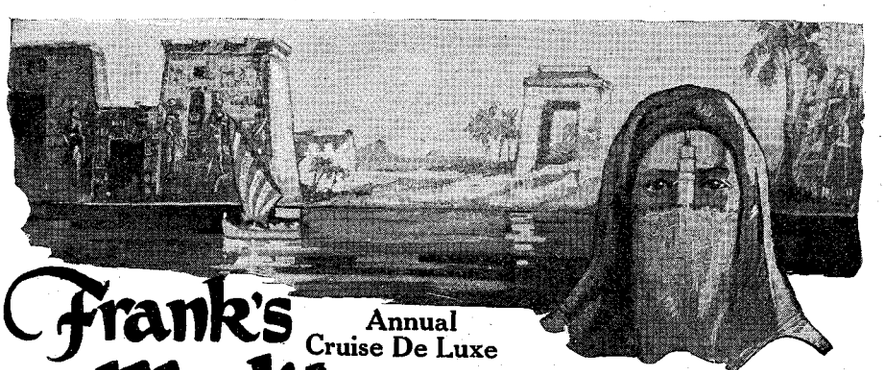
The Way to Go-

FRANCE
via Cherbourg
ENGLAND GERMANY
via Southampton *via Hamburg*
Write for "Booklet E J" and full information

Passage to meet the requirements of every traveler—

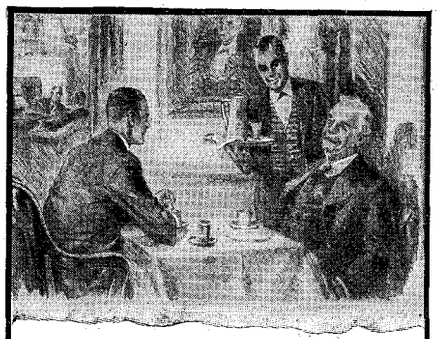
The beautiful and luxurious new steamers *Resolute, Reliance, Albert Ballin,* and *Deutschland,* offer every travel comfort, including spacious and attractive public rooms, dancing floor, verandah cafe, gymnasium, swimming pool, elevators. The splendid one-class cabin steamers *Cleveland, Mount Clay, Hansa, Thuringia* and *Westphalia,* less elaborate but no less comfortable and complete in their equipment, provide excellent accommodations at moderate rates. A world-famous service insures prompt and courteous attention to the traveler's needs. The cuisine is unsurpassed.

UNITED AMERICAN LINES
(HARRIMAN LINE)
Joint Service with
HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE
39 Broadway, New York
171 W. Randolph St., Chicago 230 California St., San Francisco
or Local Steamship Agents



Frank's Annual Cruise De Luxe
TO THE Mediterranean
Limited to 450 Guests (About Half Capacity) by Magnificent New
Cunard S.S. "SCYTHIA"
Twin-Screw Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons. **Sailing Jan. 30, 1924,** 67 days, repeating the complete success of the 1923 similar Cruise, same steamer, visiting
EGYPT, PALESTINE, Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England
The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafés, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious staterooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)
Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S.S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Serengaria" or any Cunard Line Steamer
Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request.
Also De Luxe Tours to Europe.
FRANK TOURIST CO.
542 Fifth Ave., New York (*Estab. 1875*) 219 So. 15th St., Philadelphia

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Robust Men Like

BAKER'S COCOA

The cocoa of high quality.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Baker's Cocoa is invigorating, stimulating only in the sense that pure food is stimulating, it has a delicious flavor and aroma, is a great addition to meals and a wonderful between meals stay.

MADE ONLY BY

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

MILLS AT DORCHESTER, MASS., AND MONTREAL, CANADA

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free

$10.85

U. S. Army Model 1917 Rifle

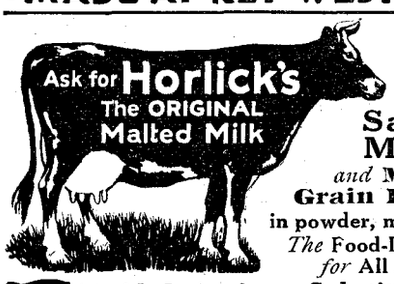
Cal. 30, five shot. Barrel 25 1-4 in., total length 46 in., weight 9 1-2 lbs. Barrel and stock new. Sight mounted over receiver. This type used by A. E. F. **Price $10.85.** Ball cartridges $3.50 per 100. Gunners cleaning kit 85 cents. 372 page catalogue 50 cents. Circular for 2 cent stamp. *Established 1865.*

FRANCIS BANNERMAN SONS, 501 Bway, N. Y. City

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—



Safe Milk *and* Malt Grain Ext. in powder, makes *The* Food-Drink *for* All Ages

Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

BY THE WAY

ST. URSULA and her Eleven Thousand Virgins, who are traditionally regarded as martyrs to the savagery of Attila and his Huns, are calmly put into the limbo of historical myths by a writer in the London "Sphere," who says that "the Thousand was an interpolation and there were only Eleven—or some even say only Two, the Roman II having become in course of time 11." There must be a mistake somewhere, for one of the sights of the city of Cologne is the Church of St. Ursula, whose walls are lined with cases containing a vast number of human bones, supposed to be those of the Eleven Thousand. St. Ursula and her Two Virgins could never have supplied all those bones.

Does the man who counterfeits a thousand-dollar bill think that nobody will question his counterfeit because it is so unlikely that anyone would imitate a bill of that denomination? Perhaps. At any rate, the "U. S. Official Postal Guide" warns us concerning a new counterfeit of a $1,000 Federal Reserve note: "Great care should be exercised in handling bills of this description, as only those skilled in the determination of the genuineness of currency will be able to detect this counterfeit. Only one of these counterfeits has been discovered so far."

From "Film Fun:"

Husband—"Yes, dear, you look nice in that dress, but it cost me a heap of money."

Wife—"Freddie, dear, what do I care for money when it is a question of pleasing you?"

"Have You Any Archless Locomotives?" a full-page advertisement in a railway magazine asks in a displayed headline, the obvious adumbration of a popular song of to-day. "Progressive railroad men," the advertisement goes on, "are unanimous as to the value of the security sectional arch. They have O'Kayed it for 48,000 locomotives. How many of *your* locomotives still lack an arch?" The people who have any locomotives to-day that still lack an arch certainly ought to take notice.

The twelve greatest Jews in the world, according to a ballot by readers of the "Jewish Tribune," are:

Albert Einstein, Chaim Weizmann, Israel Zangwill, Louis Marshall, Louis D. Brandeis, Lord Reading, Nathan Straus, George Brandes, Chaim N. Bialik, Stephen S. Wise, Henri Bergson, and Arthur Schnitzler.

Among the twelve Jews above listed four are from the United States (two are adopted sons), three are from England, and there is one each from Germany, Denmark, Russia, France and Austria. Einstein is a physicist, Weizmann a chemist and president of the Palestine Foundation; Marshall, Brandeis, and Reading are barristers; Zangwill, Brandes, Bialik, Bergson, and Schnitzler, authors, poets, and philosophers; Wise is a rabbi, and Straus a philanthropist.

A writer in an English magazine gives a list of quaintly named inns as follows:

"The Spinner and Bergamot," near Great Budworth, Cheshire.—A puzzle to many, but easily explained, being the names of two racehorses once owned by the lord of the manor.

"The Aleppo Merchant," Carno, near Newtown, Mon.—A strange name to find in the heart of an agricultural district, but Carno was at one time the trading centre for Mid-Wales, and a certain trader from Aleppo used to bring his goods to this house by pack-horse from Aberdovey.

"The Snig's Foot," Ormskirk, Lancs.—Obviously named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, "snig" being the local name for an eel, which, of course, has no foot.

"The Labour in Vain," near St. Helens, Lancs.—The sign represents a white woman scrubbing a black child.

"The Cat and Fiddle," near Buxton.—Supposed to be a corruption of "Katherine la Fidele."

"The Headless Woman," near Tarvin, Cheshire.—Presumably an amplification of "The Silent Woman."

"The Cat and Lion," Stretton, near Warrington.—The inscription of the sign reads:

"The Lion is strong,
The Cat is vicious,
My ale is good,
So are my liquors." (*sic.*)

The column of "Tonics and Sedatives" in the "Journal" of the American Medical Association is notable for its judicious selection of humorous paragraphs. Occasionally, however, it indulges in a serious thought. Here is one:

What is needed for the selection of future physicians is a test for sympathy, judgment, and intellectual integrity.

And here is one of the paragraphs "in lighter vein" which make "Tonics and Sedatives" interesting reading both to physicians and their patients:

FROM THE DOCTOR'S CORRESPONDENCE

Received by a Detroit colleague

Dear Sir:—This notice was put in my box and opened by mistake. The party has been dead for about three months and is no relation to me whatever. It is strange how a doctor's conscience will allow him to dun the dead. You must live a better Christian life, and live and let live, and try to meet this lady in heaven, which is worth more than $15.00 to any doctor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

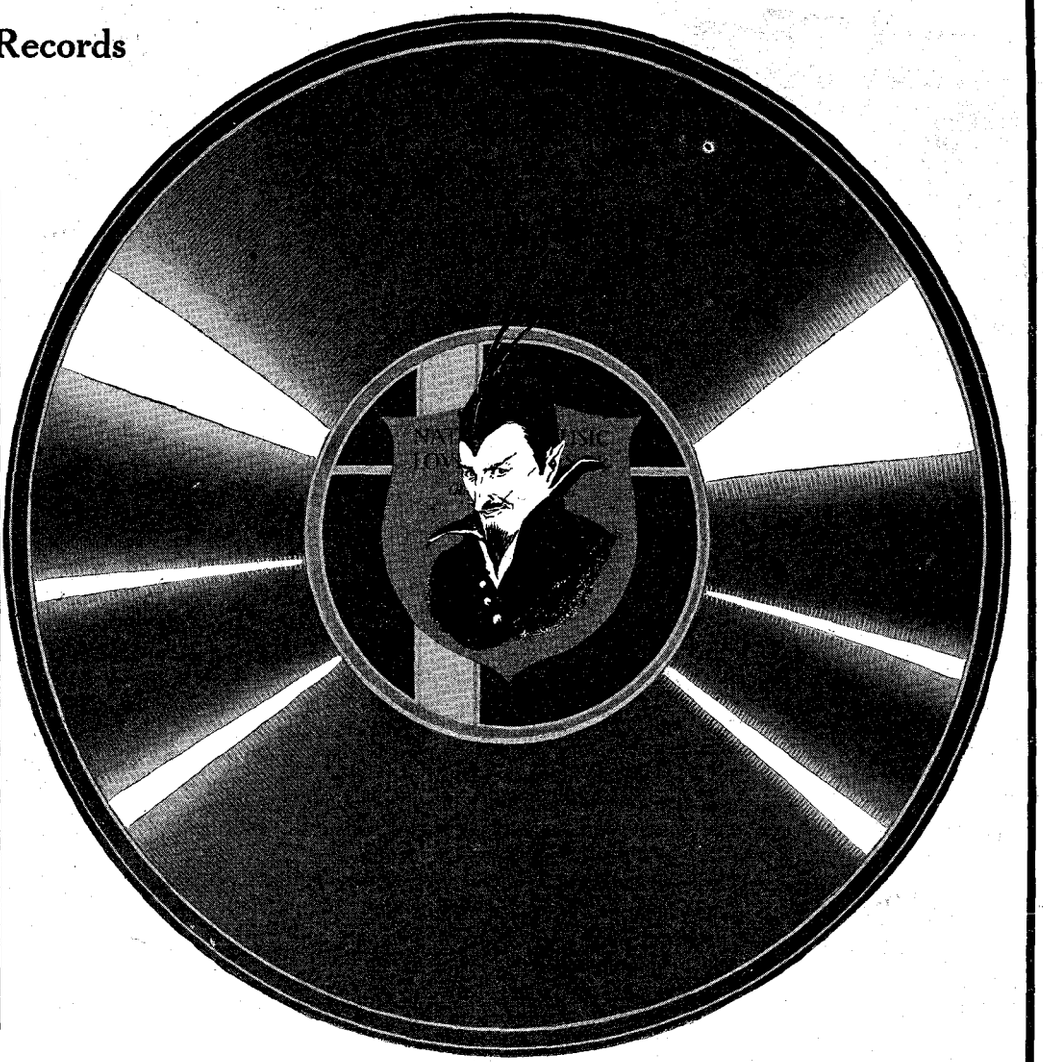
Regular 10-Inch Records

Note List of Selections

National Music Lovers, Inc.

List of Songs

Sextette (*Lucia*)
Quartette (*Rigoletto*)
Celeste Aida (*Aida*)
Prologue (*Pagliacci*)
La Donna e Mobile (*Rigoletto*)
M'Appari (*Martha*)
Vesta la Giubba (*Pagliacci*)
Habanera (*Carmen*)
Barcarolle (*Tales of Hoffman*)
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice (*Samson and Delilah*)
Anvil Chorus (*Il Trovatore*)
Medleys (*Pinafore*)
Medleys (*Mikado*)
I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls (*Bohemian Girl*)
Caro Nome (*Rigoletto*)
Soldiers' Chorus (*Faust*)



What would you consider a real bargain price for these sixteen wonderful Grand Opera Selections?

—Each one beautifully sung by a great artist; eight full-size ten-inch records of highest quality.

OUR price is so low that if we displayed it in large type you would suspect that something must be wrong. Already, however, tens of thousands of these records have been sent to music lovers ON TRIAL with the result that our mail is literally packed with letters praising the quality, tone, and low price, ordering additional sets, and enclosing the names of friends who want them!

Glance at the list of songs. Remember that each is beautifully sung by an accomplished artist, accompanied by a splendid orchestra. Remember that each record is full 10 inches in size, made of highest quality material, free from scratch, and durable as any records made. How much are these 16 selections worth? In stores these records would cost you over $12.00. Yet our price is only $2.98 plus few cents delivery charges. How can it be done? Simply by manufacturing only in SETS, selling DIRECT to CONSUMERS and being satisfied with an extremely LOW PROFIT per set.

Let us mail these records to you for 10 days' trial. Send no money now. Give $2.98 plus delivery charge to the postman, when the insured package arrives, then play each record on YOUR machine in YOUR home. If not pleased with your bargain YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED at once. Reference, Manufacturers Trust Company of New York or any magazine. Mail the coupon NOW—before the present supply is exhausted.

NATIONAL MUSIC LOVERS, Inc.
Dept. 3610 354 Fourth Ave., New York

NATIONAL MUSIC LOVERS, Inc.
Dept. 3610, 354 Fourth Ave., New York

Please send me for ten days' trial, your collection of 16 World Famous Operatic Songs on eight double-face ten-inch records, guaranteed equal to any records made. I will pay the postman only $2.98 plus delivery charge on arrival. This is not to be considered a purchase, however. If the records do not come up to my expectations, I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money.

☐ *Note:* Mark X in square if you also desire Patented Record Album at special price of only 69c (store price $1.00). Attractive and durable: holds eight records.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAIL BAG

BILL ADAMS DROPS A WORD OF ADVICE TO ARTHUR CURTISS JAMES

AHOY, Outlook:

That's a pretty enough picture of a windbag in your late Outlook; but—observe the buntlines! and the leechlines!

The buntlines and the leechlines were the sorrow of all sea apprentices when I was a sea apprentice. They are those ropes which you observe on the foreside of every sail. By rights they ought every one of them to be "overhauled" in the vessel which you picture, for to my sorrowful eye they are sadly out of shape as they are pictured.

They are all drawn tight on the belly of the sail. They should be hanging in a loose bight (*i. e.*, loop) at the foot of the sails. Why? Because as they are they are slightly chafing the canvas.

It was a favorite trick of a mate who bore a grouch against a lad to deliberately break the stops on buntlines and leechlines and then, about a minute ere the luckless lad was due to "go below" to his food and to his slumbers, to say, "Jump aloft, young feller, an' overhaul them buntlines."

To overhaul them one goes to the yard and pulls up on the ropes from the deck, until there is a loop, or bight, over the canvas. Then with a piece of seaming twine he ties the ropes in that manner, leaving them loose so that they cannot chafe the canvas. Of course one often saw ships at sea with their buntlines just as in your picture of the Aloha. Skippers who had an eagle eye for the niceties of genuine out-and-out smartness, however, would have a fit at such a sight. I sailed with a Blue Nose (long may the Old Man live) to whom a tight buntline or leechline was a hideous thing.

I recall a tropic morning when just before eight bells we, the boys, were all on our knees in a downpour, soap in one hand and scrubbing-brush in the other, washing our shirts in the welcome fresh water. It was a Sunday morning, and in a few moments we were due to go below, at the striking of eight bells. Looking up, I saw a buntline on the mizzen royal, tight. I said to the boy who knelt beside me, "I hope the damned mate don't see that blasted buntline." A voice above and behind me said, "Young feller, skip up aloft an' overhaul that there mizzen royal buntline." Did I bless the mate? Yes—backwards.

If you know that Johnnie who owns the Aloha, tell him to keep his buntlines overhauled—also to yank out and throw away his "auxiliary." Then she'll look like a ship.

Cheeroh! BILL.

[We sent Bill Adams's criticism to Mr. James, and he assures us that the buntlines and leechlines were overhauled soon after the picture was taken. He also wrote us that Bill Adams "evidently is the kind of man with whom I should like to sit down and spin yarns." If Bill ever sights Aloha off the coast of California we think that we are safe in saying that he may consider this an invitation to row out for a gam.—THE EDITORS.]

CREDIT WHERE DUE

AN article by Silas Bent, "Three City-Bred Jews that the Farmer Trusts," printed in The Outlook of August 8, which I have just seen, inadvertently and unwittingly gives a badly proportioned and inaccurate picture in outlining Mr. Meyer, Mr. Sapiro, and Mr. Baruch as friends of the farmer. The emphasis is not justly placed in that the impression is conveyed that Mr. Meyer is a protégé of Mr. Baruch and is dependent upon his mentor for his ideas on agricultural legislation. This is ludicrously untrue.

I venture to believe that if Mr. Baruch were in this country he would be the first to correct the errors that Mr. Brent, in all good faith, has fallen into. In his absence abroad, and having personal knowledge of the matters Mr. Bent writes about, I intrude, with permission, upon your space.

The statement that Mr. Baruch "took Eugene Meyer to Washington" is incorrect. He did not go to Washington either at Mr. Baruch's invitation or suggestion. During the early months of the war he was Chief of the Non-Ferrous Metals Section of the War Industries Board and a member of the National Committee on War Savings. In May, 1918, he was appointed by President Wilson as one of the two Republican Directors of the War Finance Corporation, and in January, 1919, he was made Managing Director.

There is no foundation for the statement that "at Baruch's suggestion he [Meyer] turned his attention to the needs of the American farmer, particularly in the export end of his business." The War Finance Corporation was originally created in April, 1918, to assist those industries which were "necessary or contributory to the prosecution of the war" and which were unable to secure sufficient funds through the regular channels to meet the greatly enlarged demands upon them. The Corporation was in existence only six months before the Armistice was signed. After the Armistice, Mr. Meyer prepared an amendment to the War Finance Corporation Act, giving the Corporation authority to aid in financing exports by making advances, not exceeding $1,000,000,000, to American exporters or to American banks financing such exporters, which chose to extend long time credits to foreign buyers.

Mr. Meyer, with the approval of the then Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Glass, submitted this amendment to Congress while Mr. Baruch was in Europe, and he did not discuss it with him at any time prior to its enactment in March, 1919. The Corporation operating under the authority granted by this amendment, made a number of loans, and applications involving exports amounting to $100,000,000, of which $75,000,000 represented agricultural products, were pending when the activities of the Corporation were discontinued in June, 1920, at the request of the then Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Houston. As Mr. Meyer did not agree with this action, and, in fact, vigorously protested it, he tendered his resignation.

In the fall of 1920 Mr. Meyer urged the resumption of activity by the War Finance Corporation. Secretary Houston refused to assent to the revival of the Corporation. Mr. Meyer publicly opposed the policy of the Secretary of the Treasury, and when the Congress met in December, 1920, he appeared before its committees and urged the necessity of the resumption of Governmental assistance to American exporters and to American bankers engaged in financing export trade for the benefit of the agricultural interests. The opposing view was fully set forth before the same committees by Secretary Houston, but on January 24, 1921, Congress, by a vote of 53 to 5 in the Senate and 250 to 56 in the House of Representatives, adopted a resolution directing the Secretary of the Treasury to cause the War Finance Corporation to resume operations in connection with exports.

Mr. Meyer came to Washington at President Harding's request, not at Mr. Baruch's suggestion, in March, 1921, as a Director of the War Finance Corporation and was again appointed Managing Director. The Corporation under his leadership rendered aid in connection with the financing of exports, particularly of agricultural products, during the spring and early summer of 1921.

In the meantime economic conditions in Europe had changed greatly, and we were confronted with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED